

THE
UNION:

OR,
SELECT
SCOTS and ENGLISH
POEMS.

THE THIRD EDITION.

— *Dubiam facientia carmina palmam.* JUV.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR R. BALDWIN, IN PATER-NOSTER ROW.

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THE

UNION

OF

THE

SCOTTISH

FOR

THE



P R E F A C E.

AS the mind of man is ever fond of variety, nothing seems better calculated to entertain, than a judicious collection of the smaller, though not on that account less laboured, productions of eminent poets: an entertainment, not unlike that which we receive from surveying a finished landscape, or well disposed piece of shell-work: where each particular object, tho' singly beautiful, and sufficiently striking by itself, receives an additional charm, thus, as Milton expresses it, SWEETLY INTERCHANGED.

The first miscellaneous collection of poems, that ever appeared in Great-Britain with any reputation, is that published by Dryden: which was afterwards continued by Tonson. There are many pieces of the highest merit in this collection, by Dryden, Denham, Creech, Drayton, Garth, Marvell, and many others; yet the compilers, it is evident, were not always sufficiently scrupulous and cautious in their choice, as several pieces are admitted, among the rest, which would otherwise utterly have perished, and which had no other recommendation, than that they served to swell the volume. Since this, many miscellanies have been published both in Scotland and England: to enumerate which

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would be no less tedious than useless. It will be sufficient to remark, that through want of care or judgment in their respective editors, they are all forgotten or neglected. From these the miscellany known by the name of Mr. Pope perhaps ought to be excepted; tho' that, indeed, cannot properly be styled a collection of poems by different hands, which is such a one as we are speaking of at present, the greater part consisting of pieces by Mr. Pope only. The best miscellany at this day extant in our language, and the first complete one of the kind which we have seen, is that lately published by R. Doddsley, which boasts the greatest names of the present age among its contributors.

As to the poetical collection here exhibited to the public, we apprehend it challenges no small degree of regard, as it was made under the immediate inspection and conduct of several very ingenious gentlemen, whose names it would do us the highest honour to mention; and as it contains a variety not to be found even in the admirable collection last spoken of; I mean the Intermixture of poems both Scotch and English. Nor is this variety less agreeable than useful; as from it we have an opportunity of forming a comparison and estimate of the taste and genius of the two different nations, in their poetical compositions.

It

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It will be necessary to take notice, that our chief care has been to furnish out the following miscellany with those pieces, regard being first had to real merit, which have laid unknown and unobserved from their MANNER of publication ; several of them having been printed by themselves, and so perished as it were for want of bulk, and others lost amid the rubbish of collections injudiciously made, and perhaps not easily to be met with. Nor will it be improper to mention, that in order to render our volume still more compleat, we have had the favour of some original poems, written by a late member of the university of Aberdeen, whose modesty would not permit us to prefix his name : one of which in this edition is printed with many improvements, from a corrected copy. And from these ingenious essays, the public may be enabled to form some judgment beforehand of a poem of a nobler and more important nature, which he is now preparing. Nor must we forget to return our public thanks to this gentleman, for the service he has been to us, not only in making this collection more excellent by his own contributions, but in selecting such pieces of others as were suitable to our design.

It is hoped that the ancient Scottish poems (amongst which THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE, and HARDYKNUTE are more particularly distinguished)

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will make no disagreeable figure amongst those of modern date ; and that they will produce the same effect here, as Mr. Pope observes a moderate use of old words may have in a poem ; which, adds he, is like working old abbey-stones into a modern building, and which I have sometimes seen practised with good success.

Upon the whole, as we have been favoured with the best assistance in compiling this volume, no further apology is necessary ; and as the approbation of the public has been already secured to these poems separately, we hope they have no less reason to claim it, when thus published together.

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A POEM IN HONOUR OF
MARGARET
DAUGHTER TO
HENRY VII. OF ENGLAND,
QUEEN TO
JAMES IV. KING OF SCOTS.

BY WILLIAM DUNBAR.

The THISTLE and the ROSE,
O'er flowers and herbage green,
By Lady Nature chose,
Brave King and lovely Queen.

I.

WHEN March with varying winds was overpast,
And sweet April had with his silver showers
Ta'n leave of Nature with an orient blast,
And lussy May, that mother is of flowers,
Had made the birds begin by tymous hours;
Among the tender odours red and white,
Whose harmony to her was great delight.

2 THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

II.

In bed at morrow, sleeping as I lay,
Methought Aurora with her ruby eyne,
In at my window looked by the day,
And halfit me with visage pale and green;
Upon her hand a lark sang frae the spleen,
“Lovers, awake out of your slumbering,
“See how the lusty morning does upspring.”

III.

Methought fresh May before my bed upstood,
In weed depainted of ilk diverse hue,
Sober, benign, and full of mansuetude,
In bright attire of flowers, all forged new,
Of heavenly colour, white, red, brown and blue,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus' beams,
While all the house illumin'd with her leams.

IV.

Sluggard, she said, awake anon for shame,
And in mine honour something thou go write;
The lark has done, the merry day proclaim,
Lovers to raise with comfort and delight;
Will nought increase thy courage to indite,
Whose heart sometime has glad and blissful been,
Songs oft to make, under the branches green?

V.

Whereto, quoth I, shall I uprise at morrow,
For in thy month few birds have I heard sing,
They have mare cause to weep and plain their
forrow:

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

Thy air it is not wholesome nor benign,
Lord Eolus does in thy season ring,
So bousteous are the blasts of his shrill horn,
Among thy boughs to walk I have forborn.

VI.

With that the Lady soberly did smile,
And said, uprise and do thy observance!
'Thou did promise in May's lusty while,
Then to describe the ROSE of most pleasure.
Go see the birdis how they sing and dance,
And how the skies illumined are bright,
Enamell'd richly with new azure light.

VII.

When this was said, away then went the Queen,
And enter'd in a lusty garden gent;
And them methought, full hastily beseen,
In sark and mantle after her I went,
Into this garth most dulce and redolent,
Of herb and flower, and tender plants most sweet,
And the green leaves doing of dew down sleit.

VIII.

The purple sun, with tender rayis red,
In orient bright as angel did appear,
Through golden skies advancing up his head,
Whose gilded tresses shone so wondrous clear,
That all the world took comfort far and near,
To look upon his fresh and blisful face,
Doing all fable frae the Heavens chace.

4 THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

IX.

And as the blisful sun drove up the sky,
All nature sang through comfort of the light,
The minstrels wing'd, with open voices cry,
“ O Lovers now is fled the dully night,
“ Come welcome day, that comforts ev'ry wight ;
“ Hail May! hail Flora! hail Aurora sheen,
“ Hail Princess Nature! hail love's hartsome Queen !

X.

Dame Nature gave an inhibition there,
To Neptune fierce, and Eolus the bold,
Not to perturb the water or the air,
That neither blasphemous shower, nor blasts more cold
Should flowers affray nor fowls upon the fold.
She bade eke Juno, Goddesses of the sky,
That she the heaven should keep amene and dry.

XI.

Also ordain'd that every bird and beast
Before her Highness should anon compear ;
And every flower of virtue most and least,
And every herb of fair field far and near,
As they had wont in May from year to year ;
To her their Queen to make obedience,
Full low inclining with due reverence.

XII.

With that anon she sent the swift foot Roe,
To bring in alkind beast from dale and down ;
The restless swallow ordered she to go,

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

5

And fetch all fowl of great and small renown,
And to gar flowers appear of all fassoun :
Full craftily conjured she the Yarrow,
Which did forth swirk as swift as any arrow.

XIII.

All brought in were in twinkling of an eye,
Both beast and bird and flower before the Queen ;
And first the Lion, greatest of degree,
Was summon'd there ; and he, fair to be seen,
With a full hardy countenance and keen,
Before dame Nature came, and did incline,
With visage bold, and courage leonine.

XIV.

This awful beast was terrible of chear,
Piercing of look and stout of countenance,
Right strong of corps, of fashion fair, but fear,
Lusty of shape, light of deliverance,
Red of his colour, as the ruby glance :
In field of gold he stood full rampantly,
With flower-de-lyces circled pleasantly.

XV.

This Lady lifted up his claws so clear,
And lute him listly lean upon her knee,
And crowned him with diadem full dear,
Of radious stones most royal there to see,
Saying the King of all beasts make I thee ;
And the protector chief in woods and shaws,
Go forth, and to thy lieges keep the laws.

6 THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

XVI.

Justice exerce, with mercy and conscience,
And let no small beast suffer skaith or scorns
Of greater beasts that been of more puissance ;
Do law alike to Apes and Unicorns,
And let no Bugle with his bousteous horns
Oppress the meek plough Ox, for all his pride,
But in the yoke go quietly him beside.

XVII.

When this was said, with noise and sound of joy,
All kind of Quadrupeds in their degree,
At once cry'd LAUD, and then VIVE LE ROY ;
Then at his feet fell with humility ;
To him they all paid homage and fealty ;
And he did them receive with princely laits,
Whose noble ire his greatness mitigates.

XVIII.

Then crowned she the Eagle King of fowls ;
And sharp as darts of steel she made his pens,
And bade him be as just to Whawps and Owls,
As unto Peacocks, Papingoes, or Cranes,
And make one law for Wicht Fowls, and for Wrens,
And let no fowl of rapine do affray,
Nor birds devour, but his own proper prey.

XIX.

Then called she all flowers grew in the field,
Describing all their fashions and effeirs,
Upon the awful THISTLE she beheld,

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE. 7

And saw him guarded with a bush of spears,
Considering him so able for the wars,
A radiant crown of rubies she him gafe,
And said, in field go forth, and fend the laif.

XX.

And since thou art a King, be thou discreet,
Herb without value hold not of such price,
As herb of virtue and of odour sweet;
And let no nettle vile, and full of vice,
Her fellow with the goodly Flower-de-lyce;
Nor let no wild weed full of churlishness,
Compare her to the Lilly's nobleness.

XXI.

Nor hold none other flower in such dainty
As the fresh ROSE, of colour red and white;
For if thou dost, hurt is thine honesty,
Considering that no flower is so perfyte,
So full of pleasaunce, virtue and delight;
So full of blisful angelic beauty,
Imperial birth, honour and dignity.

XXII.

Then to the ROSE she did her visage turn,
And said, O lusty daughter most benign,
Above the Lilly thou art illustrious born,
From royal lineage rising fresh and young,
But any spot, or macul doing sprung;
Come bloom of joy, with richest gems be crown'd,
For o'er the laif thy beauty is renown'd.

8 THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

XXIII.

A costly crown with stones clarified bright,
This comely Queen did in her head inclose,
While all the land illumined of light;
Wherefore methought, the flowers did all rejoyce,
Crying at once, Hail to the fragrant ROSE!
Hail Empress of the herbs! fresh Queen of flowers!
To thee be glore and honour at all hours.

XXIV.

Then all the birds they sang with voice on height,
Whose mirthful sound was marvellous to hear:
The Mavys sang, Hail ROSE most rich and bright,
That does upflourish under Phebus' sphere,
Hail plant of youth, hail Prince's daughter dear,
Hail blossom breaking out of blood royal,
Whose precious virtue is imperial.

XXV.

The Merle she sang, Hail ROSE of most delight,
Hail of all flowers the sweet and sovereign Queen:
The lark she sang, hail ROSE both red and white,
Most pleasant flower of mighty colours * twain:
Nightingals sang, hail Nature's suffragan,
In beauty, nurture, and each nobleness,
In rich array, renown, and gentleness.

* Alluding to the Houses of YORK and LANCASTER,
which were distinguished by the WHITE and RED ROSE, and
united in the person of Queen MARGARET.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

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XXVI.

The common voice uprose of warblers small,
Upon this wise, " O blessed be the hour
" That thou wast chose to be our principal,
" Welcome to be our Princess crown'd with pow'r,
" Our pearl, our pleasure, and our paramour,
" Our peace, our play, our plain felicity:
" Christ thee conserve from all adversity."

XXVII.

Then all the concert sang with such a shout,
Then I anon awaken'd where I lay,
And with a braid I turned me about
To see this court, but all were gone away;
Then up I lean'd me, halflings in affray,
Call'd to my Muse, and for my subject chose
To sing the royal THISTLE and the ROSE.

VERSES ON THE DEATH
OF QUEEN
CAROLINE.

BY MR. SHIPLEY.

O Blivion wraps not in her silent shade
All human labours. Virtue blooms a flower,
That Time's rough hand shall never violate.
Still CAROLINE shall live in faithful verse,
Sweet nurse of Memory, and in the voice
Of grateful Britain. These shall testify
How well her calm impartial rule supplied
A monarch's absence; these commemorate
Her soul contemplative of peaceful Truth
And nature; mindful midst the pomp of Courts
Of wise retirement, and the silent grove.

She stretch'd thro' length'ning shades thy spacious walks,
Delightful Richmond, and the terraces rais'd
Of regal grandeur, whence the eye discerns
Fair Thames with copious waters winding flow
Midst pastures, spreading herds, and villages
Of aspect neat, and villas wrapt in shades:
Fair scene of chearful peace! the lovely sight
Frequent she view'd, and blest'd the honour'd reign

ON THE LATE QUEEN

11

Of her great Confort, provident and mild.
 Now wander'd musing thro' the darkening depth
 Of thickest woods, friendly to solemn thought :
 Now o'er broad lawns fair op'ning to the sun.
 Nor midst her rural plans disdain'd to mix
 The useful arable, and waving corn
 With soft turf border'd, and the lowly cot,
 That half appears, in branching elms obscur'd.
 Here beauty dwells, assembled from the scenes
 Of various nature ; such as oft inflam'd
 With rapture Grecian bards, in that fair vale,
 Thessalian Tempe, or thy favorite soil,
 Arcadia, erst by awe-struck fancy fill'd
 With wand'ring forms, the woodland Deities,
 Light Nymphs and wanton Satyrs, faintly seen
 Quick glancing thro' the shade at close of eve,
 Great Pan, and old Silenus. Hither led
 By solitary grief shall GEORGE recall
 Th' endearing manners, the soft speech, that flow'd
 From his lov'd Confort, virtue mix'd with love,
 Prudence, and mild insinuating sense :
 But chief her thoughtful breast of counsels deep
 Capacious, nor unequal to the weight
 Of Government. Such was the royal mind
 Of wise ELIZA, name of loveliest sound
 To British ears, and pattern fair to Kings :
 Or she who rules the Sceptre of the North
 Illustrious, spreading o'er a barbarous world

The light of arts and manners, and with arms
 Infests th' astonish'd Sultan, hardly now
 With scatter'd troops resisting; she drives on
 The heavy war, and shakes th' Imperial Throne
 Of old Byzantium. Latest time shall sound
 The praise of female genius. Oft shall GEORGE
 Pay the kind tear, and grief of tender words
 To CAROLINE, thus oft lamenting sad.

“ Hail sacred shade! by me with endless woe
 “ Still honour'd! ever in my breast shall dwell
 “ Thy image, ever present to my soul
 “ Thy faithful love, in length of years mature:
 “ O skill'd to enliven time, to soften care
 “ With looks and smiles and friendship's cheerful
 voice!
 “ Anxious, of Thee bereft, a solitude
 “ I feel, that not the fond condoling cares
 “ Of our sad offspring can remove. Ev'n now
 “ With lonely steps I trace the gloomy groves,
 “ Thy lov'd recesses, studious to recall
 “ The vanish'd bliss, and cheat my wand'ring thoughts
 “ With sweet illusion. Yet I not accuse
 “ Heav'n's dispensation. Prosperous and long
 “ Have been my days, and not unknown to fame,
 “ That dwells with virtue. But 'tis hard to part
 “ The league of ancient friendship, to resign
 “ The home-felt fondness, the secure delight,
 “ That Reason nourish'd, and fair Fame approv'd.”

THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST,

AS IT IS REPRESENTED ON THE EAST WINDOW

OF WINCHESTER COLL. CHAPEL.

WRITTEN at WINTON SCHOOL, BY DR. LOWTHE.

AT once to raise our rev'rence and delight,
 To elevate the mind, and please the sight,
 To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,
 And waft the soul on wings of extacy;
 For this the painter's art with nature vies,
 And bids the visionary saint arise;
 Who views the sacred forms in thought aspires,
 Catches pure zeal, and as he gazes, fires;
 Feels the same ardour to his breast convey'd,
 Is what he sees, and emulates the shade.

Thy strokes, great Artist, so sublime appear,
 They check our pleasure with an awful fear;
 While, thro' the mortal line, the God you trace,
 Author himself, and Heir of Jesse's race;
 In raptures we admire thy bold design,
 And, as the subject, own the hand divine.
 While thro' thy work the rising day shall stream,
 So long shall last thine honour, praise and name.

14 THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST.

And may thy labours to the Muse impart
Some emanation from her sister art,
To animate the verse, and bid it shine
In colours easy, bright, and strong, as Thine.

Supine on earth an awful figure lies,
While softest slumbers seem to seal his eyes;
The hoary sire Heav'n's guardian care demands,
And at his feet the watchful angel stands.

The form august and large, the mien divine
Betray the * founder of Messiah's line.

Lo! from his loins the promis'd stem ascends,
And high to Heaven its sacred Boughs extends:
Each limb productive of some hero springs,
And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.
Th' eternal plant wide spreads its arms around,
And with the mighty branch the mystic top is
crown'd.

And lo! the glories of th' illustrious line
At their first dawn with ripen'd splendors shine,
In DAVID all express'd; the good, the great,
The king, the hero, and the man compleat.
Serene he sits, and sweeps the golden lyre,
And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.
See! with what art he strikes the vocal strings,
The God, his theme, inspiring what he sings!
Hark,—or our ears delude us—from his tongue
Sweet flows, or seems to flow, some heav'nly song.

* JESSE.

THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST. 15

Oh! could thine art arrest the fleeting sound,
And paint the voice in magic numbers bound;
Could the warm sun, as erst when Memnon play'd,
Wake with his rising beam the vocal shade:
Then might he draw th' attentive angels down,
Bending to hear the lay, so sweet, so like their own.
On either side the monarch's offspring shine,
And some adorn, and some disgrace their line.
Here Ammon glories; proud, incestuous lord!
This hand sustains the robe, and that the sword.
Frowning and fierce, with haughty strides he tow'rs,
And on his horrid brow defiance low'rs.
There Absalom the ravish'd sceptre sways,
And his stol'n honour all his shame displays:
The base usurper Youth! who joins in one
The rebel subject, and th' ungrateful son.

Amid the royal race, see Nathan stand:
Fervent he seems to speak, and lift his hand;
His looks th' emotion of his soul disclose,
And eloquence from every gesture flows.
Such, and so stern he came, ordain'd to bring
Th' ungrateful mandate to the guilty King:
When, at his dreadful voice, a sudden smart
Shot thro' the trembling monarch's conscious heart;
From his own lips condemn'd; severe decree!
Had his God prov'd so stern a Judge as He.
But man with frailty is allay'd by birth;
Consummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth:

16 THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST.

Thro' all the soul tho' virtue holds the rein,
Beats at the heart, and springs in ev'ry vein:
Yet ever from the clearest source have ran
Some gross alloy some tincture of the man.

But who is he—deep musing—in his mind,
He seems to weigh, in reason's scales, mankind;
Fix'd contemplation hold his steady eyes—
I know the sage *; the wisest of the wise.
Blest with all man could wish, or prince obtain,
Yet his great heart pronounc'd those blessings vain.
And lo! bright glitt'ring in his sacred hands,
In miniature the glorious temple stands.
Effulgent frame! stupendous to behold!
Gold the strong valves, the roof of burnish'd gold.
The wand'ring ark, in that bright dome enshrin'd,
Spreads the strong light, eternal, unconfin'd!
Above th' unutterable glory plays
Presence divine! and the full-streaming rays
Pour thro' reluctant crouds intolerable blaze.

But stern oppression rends Reboam's reign;
See the gay prince, injurious, proud and vain!
Th' imperial sceptre totters in his hand,
And proud rebellion triumphs in the land.
Curs'd with corruption's ever-fruitful spring,
A beardless Senate, and a haughty King.

There Asa, good and great, the sceptre bears,
Justice attends his peace, success his wars:

* SOLOMON.

THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST. 17

While virtue was his sword, and Heaven his shield,
 Without controul the warrior swept the field;
 Loaded with spoils, triumphant he return'd,
 And half her swarthy Sons sad Ethiopia mourn'd,
 But since thy flagging piety decay'd,
 And barter'd God's defence for human aid;
 See their fair laurels wither on thy brow,
 Nor herbs, nor healthful arts avail thee now,
 Nor is heav'n chang'd, apostate prince, but Thou. }
 No mean atonement does this lapse require;
 But see the Son, you must forgive the Sire:
 He, * the just prince—with ev'ry virtue bless'd,
 He reign'd, and goodness all the man possess'd,
 Around his throne, fair happiness and peace
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and smil'd in ev'ry face.
 As when along the burning waste he stray'd,
 Where no pure streams in bubbling mazes play'd,
 Where drought incumbent on the thirsty ground,
 Long since had breath'd her scorching blasts around;
 The † prophet calls, th' obedient floods repair
 To the parch'd fields, for Josaphat was there.
 The new-sprung waves, in many a gurgling vein,
 Trickle luxurious through the sucking plain;
 Fresh honours the reviving fields adorn,
 And o'er the desert plenty pours her horn.

* JOSAPHAT.

† ELISHA.

18 THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST.

So, from the throne his influence he sheds,
 And bids the virtues raise their languid heads :
 Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,
 Oppression flies, and Justice lifts her scales.
 See, on his arm, the royal eagle stand,
 Great type of conquest and supreme command ;
 Th' exulting bird distinguish'd triumph brings,
 And greets the Monarch with expanded wings.
 Fierce Moab's sons prevent th' impending blow,
 Rush on themselves, and fall without the foe.
 The pious hero vanquish'd Heav'n by pray'r ;
 His faith an army, and his vows a war.
 Thee too, Ozias, fates indulgent blest
 And thy days shone, in fairest actions drest ;
 Till that rash hand, by some blind frenzy sway'd,
 Unclean, the sacred office durst invade.
 Quick o'er thy limbs the scurfy venom ran,
 And hoary filth besprinkled all the man.

Transmissive worth adorns the pious * Son,
 The father's virtues with the father's throne.
 Lo ! there he stands : he who the rage subdu'd
 Of Ammon's sons, and drench'd his sword in blood,
 And dost thou, Ahaz, Judah's scourge, disgrace,
 With thy base front, the glories of thy race ?

* JOTHAM.

THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST. 19

See the vile King his iron sceptre bear ----
 His only praise attends the pious * Heir;
 He, in whose soul the virtues all conspire,
 The best good son, from the worst wicked fire.
 And lo! in Hezekiah's golden reign,
 Long-exil'd piety returns again;
 Again, in genuine purity she shines,
 And with her presence gilds the long-neglected
 shrines.

Ill-starr'd does proud Assyria's impious † Lord
 Bid Heav'n to arms, and vaunt his dreadful sword;
 His own vain threats th' insulting King o'erthrow,
 But breathe new Courage on the gen'rous foe,
 Th' avenging Angel, by divine command,
 The fiery sword full-blazing in his hand,
 Leant down from Heav'n: amid the storm he rode
 March'd Pestilence before him; as he trod,
 Pale desolation bath'd his steps in blood.
 Thick wrapt in night, thro' the proud host he past,
 Dispensing death, and drove the furious blast;
 Nor bade destruction give her revels o'er,
 Till the gorg'd sword was drunk with human gore.
 But what avails thee, pious Prince, in vain
 Thy sceptre rescu'd, and th' Assyrian slain?
 Ev'n now the soul maintains her latest strife,
 And death's chill grasp congeals the fount of life.

* HEZEKIAH. † SENNACHERIB.

20 THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST.

Yet see, kind Heav'n renews thy brittle thread,
And rolls full fifteen summers o'er thy head;
Lo! the receding sun repeats his way,
And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.
Tho' nature her inverted course forego,
The day forget to rest, the time to flow,
Yet shall Jehovah's servants stand secure,
His mercy fix'd, eternal shall endure;
On them her ever-healing rays shall shine;
More mild and bright, and sure, O sun! than thine.

At length, the long-expected Prince behold,
The last good King; in ancient days foretold,
When Bethel's altar spoke his future fame,
Rent to its base, at good Josiah's name.
Blest, happy prince! o'er whose lamented urn,
In plaintive song, all Judah's daughters mourn;
For whom sad Sion's softest Sorrow flows,
And Jeremiah pours his sweet melodious woes.

But now fall'n Sion, once the fair and great,
Sits deep in dust, abandon'd, desolate;
Bleeds her sad heart, and ever stream her eyes,
And anguish tears her, with convulsive sighs.
The mournful captive spreads her hands in vain,
Her hands, that rankle with the servile chain;
Till he, * Great Chief! in Heav'n's appointed time,
Leads back her children, to their native clime.

* ZOROBABEL.

THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST. 21

Fair liberty revives with all her joys,
And bids her envy'd walls securely rise.
And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin spread,
Again shall lift sublime thy sacred head.
But ah! with weeping eyes, the ancients view
A faint resemblance of the old in you.
No more th' effulgent glory of thy God
Speaks awful answers from the mystic cloud:
No more thine altars blaze with fire divine,
And Heav'n has left thy solitary shrine.
Yet, in thy courts, hereafter shalt thou see
Presence immediate of the Deity,
The light himself reveal'd, the God confess'd
in Thee. }

And now at length the fated term of years
The world's desire have brought, and lo! the
God appears.

The Heav'nly Babe the Virgin Mother bears,
And her fond looks confess the parent's cares,
The pleasing burden on her breasts she lays,
Hangs o'er his charms, and with a smile surveys.
The Infant smiles, to her fond bosom prest,
And wantons, sportive, on the mother's breast.
A radiant glory speaks him all Divine,
And in the Child the beams of Godhead shine.

But now alas! far other views disclose
The blackest comprehensive scene of woes.

22 THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST.

See where man's voluntary sacrifice
 Bows his meek head, and God eternal dies!
 Fixt to the Cross, his healing arms are bound,
 While copious Mercy streams from every wound.
 Mark the blood-drops that life exhausting roll,
 And the strong pang that rends the stubborn soul!
 As all death's tortures, with severe delay,
 Exult and riot in the noblest prey,
 And can'st thou, stupid man, those sorrows see,
 Nor share the anguish which He bears for Thee?
 Thy sin, for which his sacred Flesh is torn,
 Points ev'ry nail, and sharpens ev'ry thorn;
 Canst thou?—while nature smarts in ev'ry wound,
 And each pang cleaves the sympathetic ground!
 Lo! the black sun, his chariot backward driv'n,
 Blots out the day, and perishes from Heav'n:
 Earth, trembling from her entrails, bear a part,
 And the rent rock upbraids man's stubborn heart.

The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,
 And the cold clay-clad dead, start into life again.

And thou, O tomb, once more shalt wide display,
 Thy satiate jaws, and give up all thy prey.
 Thou, groaning earth shalt heave, absorpt in flame,
 As the last pangs convulse thy lab'ring frame;
 When the same God unshrouded thou shalt see,
 Wrapt in full blaze of pow'r and Majesty,
 Ride on the clouds; whilst, as his chariot flies,
 The bright effusion streams through all the skies.

THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST. 23

Then shall the proud dissolving mountains glow,
And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow:
The molten deluge round the globe shall roar,
And all man's arts and labour be no more.
Then shall the splendors of th' enliven'd glass
Sink undistinguish'd in the burning mass.
And O! till earth, and seas, and Heav'n decay,
Ne'er may that fair creation fade away;
May winds and storms those beauteous colours
 spare,
Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair,
All the vain rage of wasting time repell,
And his Tribunal see, whose Cross they paint
 so well.

A

F R A G M E N T.

BY MR. MALLET.

F AIR morn ascends: fresh zephyrs breath
Blows liberal o'er yon bloomy heath;
Where, sown profusely, herb and flower,
Of balmy smell, of healing power,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in ev'ry gale.
Here, spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where, sweetly-pensive, Silence reigns:
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with nature here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred HEALTH!
The Monarch's bliss, the Beggar's wealth;
The seasoning of all good below,
The sovereign friend in joy or woe.

O Thou, most courted, most despis'd:
And but in absence duly priz'd!
Power of the soft and rosy face!
The vivid Pulse, the vermil grace,
The spirits when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
O sun of life! whose heavenly ray
Lights up, and cheers our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till nature with thy parting light,
Reposes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
Hot Riot would his anguish steep,
But tosses through the midnight shade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muses dwell;
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye,
With song and prospect which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noon-tide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;

While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
With Thirst and Languor in his train;
(All nature sickening in the blaze)
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring steep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.

There plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flow'ry nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf quivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The distant woodman's echoing stroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the Dead;
Sages or Poets. See, they rise!
And shadowy skim before his eyes.
Hark; Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That softened savages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the Sent of Heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.
Fathers and Friends of human kind!
They form'd the nations, or refin'd,

A F R A G M E N T.

27

With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.

Thus musing in the solemn shade;
At once the sounding breeze was laid:
And Nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe;
Dumb silence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's GENIUS good.
O Freedom! sov'reign boon of Heav'n;
Great Charter, with our being given;
For which the patriot, and the sage,
Have plan'd, have bled thro' ev'ry age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, who cannot claim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * * * *

T H E
E A G L E
A N D
ROBIN RED-BREAST.
A F A B L E.*

BY MR. ARCHIBALD SCOTT.

THE Prince of all the feather'd kind,
That with spread wings outflies the wind,
And tow'rs far out of human fight
To view the shining orb of light:
This Royal Bird, tho' brave and great,
And armed strong for stern debate,
No tyrant is, but condescends
Oft-times to treat inferior friends.

One day at his command did flock
To his high palace on a rock,
The courtiers of ilk various size
That swiftly swim in chrystal skies;

* Written before the year 1600.

Thither the valiant Tarsels doup,
And here rapacious Corbies croup,
With greedy Gleads, and sly Gormahs,
And dinsom Pyes, and chattering Dawes;
Proud Peacocks, and a hundred mae,
Brush'd up their pens that solemn day,
Bow'd first submissive to my Lord,
Then took their places at his board.

Meantime while feasting on a fawn,
And drinking blood from Lamies drawn,
A tuneful ROBIN trig and young,
Hard-by upon a burr-tree sung.
He sang the EAGLE's royal line,
His piercing eye, and right divine
To sway out-owre the feather'd thrang,
Who dread his martial bill and fang:
His flight sublime, and eild renew'd,
His mind with clemency endu'd;
In softer notes he sang his love,
More high, his bearing bolts for Jove.

The Monarch Bird with blitheness heard
The chaunting little silvan Bard,
Call'd up a Buzzard, who was then
His favourite and chamberlain.
Swith to my treasury, quoth he,
And to yon canty ROBIN gie
As muckle of our current gear
As may maintain him thro' the year;

We can well spar't, and it's his due:
He bade, and forth the Judas flew,
Straight to the branch where ROBIN sung,
And with a wicked lying tongue,
Said ah! ye sing so dull and rough,
Ye've deaf'd our lugs more than enough,
His Majesty has a nice ear,
And no more of your stuff can bear;
Poke up your pipes, be no more seen
At court, I warn you as a frien.

He spake, while ROBIN's swelling breast,
And drooping wings his grief exprest;
The tears ran hopping down his cheek,
Great grew his heart, he could not speak.
No for the tinsel of reward,
But that his notes met no regard:
Strait to the shaw he spread his wing,
Resolv'd again no more to sing,
Where princely bounty is supprest
By such with whom They are opprest;
Who cannot bear (because they want it)
That ought should be to merit granted.

O D E
T O
F A N C Y.

BY THE REV. MR. JOSEPH WARTON.

O Parent of each lovely muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse !
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide !
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine;
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare;
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd;
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand;
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow;
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey,
Thro' air, and over earth and sea.

While the vast various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes;
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst fall of waters you reside:
'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between:
'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke;
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one straw-rooft cott was rear'd;
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne.
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor;
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each ev'ning warbling thee to rest.
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Wrapt in some wild, poetic dream;
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spencer thro' a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear;

And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
By the sweetly-soothing sound!
Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead;
Where Joy, and white-rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lilly-crowned heads,
Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads :
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song.
Yet not these flow'ry fields of joy,
Can long my pensive mind employ ;
Haste, FANCY, from these scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy!
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh!
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels, and the house of woe ;
To gothic churches, vaults and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek.
Or to some Abby's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
The naked beggar shivering lies.
While whistling tempests round her rise,

And trembles, lest the tott'ring wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire;
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thousand widows shrieks I hear:
Give me another horse, I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?----what spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis FANCY, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war;
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where tumult and destruction reign;
Where mad with pain, the wounded steed,
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With fullen joy surveys the ground,
And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield.
O guide me from this horrid scene
To high-archt walks, and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks to shun
The fervors of the mid-day sun.
The pangs of absence, O remove,
For thou can'st place me near my love.

Can't fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss;
While her ruby lips dispense,
Luscious nectar's quintessence.
When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale;
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, FANCY, hear.
O warm enthusiastic maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to every line,
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane,
To utter an unhallow'd strain;
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save, when with smiles thou bidst me sing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakespear's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave.
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,

Who fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
Who with some new, unequall'd song,
May rise above the rhyming throng :
O'er all our listning passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain :
With terror shake, and pity move,
Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk ;
Teach him to scorn with frigid art,
Feebly to touch th' enraptur'd heart ;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce ;
With native beauties win applause,
Beyond cold critic's studied laws :
O let each Muse's fame encrease,
O bid Britannia rival Greece !

O D E
T O
E V E N I N G.

BY THE SAME.

I.

HAIL meek-ey'd Maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the weary wood man
loves ;

As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
Jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.

II.

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty Meadows walk ;
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

III.

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bow'rs, and cooling caverns ran ;
Return to trip in wanton ev'ning dance,
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

IV.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the watry scene;
And from the sheep-cote, and fresh-furrow'd field,
Stout ploughmen meet to wrestle on the green.

V.

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,
His supping sheep, and lengthning shadow spies;
Pleas'd with the cool the calm refreshful hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.

VI.

Now ev'ry Passion sleeps: desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride;
An holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

VII.

O modest EVENING! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train;
Listning to every wildly-warbling note,
That fills with farewell sweet thy darkening plain.

O D E
T O
E V E N I N G.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales,
 O Nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed:
 Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,
 As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;
 Now teach me, Maid compos'd,
 To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing thro' thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with it's stillness suit,

As musing flow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return !

For when thy folding star arising shews
His paly circlet ; at his warning lamp,

The fragrant Hours and Elves,
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge,

And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and lovelier still,
The Pensive Pleasures sweet

Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm Votress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some-time-hallow'd pile,

Or up-land fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet ; be mine the hut,

That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all

Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !

ODE TO EVENING.

41

While Summer loves to sport,
Beneath thy ling'ring light :
While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;
So long, sure-found beneath thy sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lip'd Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy fav'rite name !

I S I S.

A N

E L E G Y.

WRITTEN BY MR. MASON OF CAMBRIDGE, 1748.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright,
 The pointed crystals shot their trembling light,
 From dripping moss where sparkling dew-drops fell,
 Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed shell,
 Pale ISIS lay ; a willow's lowly shade
 Spread its thin foliage o'er the sleeping maid ;
 Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast
 In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest ;
 While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,
 In all the awful negligence of woe ;
 Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
 Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all its grace ;
 Here, full with life, was heav'n-taught Science seen,
 Known by the laurel wreath, and musing mein :
 There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace sedate
 and bland,
 Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand ;

While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas green,
At well mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the goddess cast an anxious look,
Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke :
Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vase ;
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
View on yon plain the real glories rise.
Yes, ISIS! oft has thou rejoic'd to lead
Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead ;
Oft hast thou stopt thy pearly car to gaze,
While ev'ry Science nurs'd it's growing bays ;
While ev'ry Youth with fame's strong impulse fir'd,
Prest to the goal, and at the goal untir'd,
Snatch'd each celestial wreath, to bind his brow,
The Muses, Graces, Virtues could bestow.

E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample plain ;
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See! SIDNEY, RALEIGH, HAMDEN, SOMERS shine.
See HOUGH superior to a tyrant's doom
Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome :
Each soul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,
Each breast, strong panting with it's country's love,
All that to Albion gave the heart or head,
That wisely counsel'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,
The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil

To me with filial reverence they bring,
And hang fresh trophies o'er my honour'd spring.
Ah ! I remember well yon beachen spray,
There ADDISON first tun'd his polish'd lay ;
'Twas there great CATO's form first met his eye,
In all the pomp of free-born majesty ;
" My son, he cry'd, observe this mein with awe,
" In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw ;
" The piercing notes shall strike each British ear ;
" Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear !
" And rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,
" Each Youth shall spurn at slav'ry's abject reign,
" Shall guard with CATO's zeal Britannia's laws,
" And speak, and act, and bleed, in freedom's cause."

The Hero spoke; the bard assenting bow'd,
The lay to liberty and CATO flow'd ;
While Echo, as she rov'd the vale along,
Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.

But ah ! how Stillness slept upon the ground,
How mute attention check'd each rising sound ;
Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,
When LOCKE walk'd musing forth ; e'en now I view
Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his brow,
View Candor smile upon his modest cheek,
And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
'Twas here the sage his manly zeal express'd,
Here stript vain falshood of her gaudy vest ;

Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
 E'er long to burst in blessings on mankind;
 E'er long to shew to reason's purged eye,
 That "NATURE'S FIRST BEST GIFT WAS LIBERTY."

Proud of this wond'rous son, sublime I stood,
 (While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood)
 Then vain as Niobe, exulting cry'd,
 Ilissus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;
 Tho' Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade,
 Tho' fair Lycæum lent it's awful shade,
 Tho' ev'ry Academic green imprest
 It's image full on thy reflecting breast,
 Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
 And Britain's ISIS flow with Attic fame.

Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic boast?
 See! Gothic Licence rage o'er all my coast;
 See! Hydra Faction spread it's impious reign,
 Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain:
 Hence frontless crouds, that not content to fright
 The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,
 Blast the fair face of day; and madly bold,
 To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
 To Freedom's foes, ah! see the goblet crown'd,
 Hear plausive shouts to Freedom's foes resound;
 The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,
 The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
 Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
 Now sheds, by stealth, a partial private gleam,

In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
Where a firm few support her sickly head,
Despis'd, insulted by the barb'rous train,
Who scour like Thracia's moon-struck rout the plain,
Sworn foes like them to all the Muse approves,
All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must rear,
Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care?
Must these go forth from my maternal hand
To deal their insults thro' a peaceful land;
And boast while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue groans,
That "ISIS taught Rebellion to her Sons?"
Forbid it heaven! and let my rising waves
Indignant swell, and overwhelm the recreant slaves!
In England's cause their patriot floods employ,
As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.
Is this deny'd; then point some secret way
Where far far hence these guiltless streams may stray;
Some unknown channel lend, where Nature spreads
Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads,
There, where a hind scarce tunes his rustic strain,
Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,
Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majestic structures crown its side;
Forget, that e'er my rapt attention hung
Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue;
Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,
And pleas'd, prefer oblivion to disgrace.

T H E
T R I U M P H
O F
I S I S.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING POEM.

BY MR. THOMAS WARTON, OF OXFORD.

*Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum Tybride, Romam,
Semper in ore geris ? Referunt si vera parentes,
Hanc urbem insano nullus qui Marte petivit
Lætatus violasse redit. Nec numina sedem
Defituunt.-----*

CLAUDIAN.

ON closing flow'rs when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews ;
When chaunts the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale ;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quiv'ring shade,
O'er ISIS' willow-fringed banks I stray'd :
And calmly musing thro' the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo ! from opening clouds, a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy stream ;
And from the wave arose it's guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green ;

48 THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

While in the coral crown that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

As the smooth surface of the dimply flood,
The silver-slipper'd ISIS lightly trod,
From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd.

No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the trifling strain of empty joy;
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
To notes of pastoral pipe or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on you majestic walls,
To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and OXFORD bids thee sing,
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,
The venal sons of slavish CAM, unite;
'To shake yon tow'rs, when Malice rears her crest,
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?

Still sing, O CAM, your fav'rite Freedom's cause;
Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws:
'To pow'r your songs of Gratulation pay,
To courts address soft flattery's soothing lay.
What tho' your gentle MASON's plaintive verse
Has hung with sweetest wreaths MUSÆUS' hearse;
What tho' your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow?
Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a sister's head?-----

Misguided youth ! with rude unclaffic rage
 To blot the beauties of thy whiter page ;
 A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltlefs lays,
 And blafts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let GRANTA boast the patrons of her name,
 Each pompous fool of fortune and of fame :
 Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
 Prolific parent of each bowing dean :
 Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
 Each courtly chaplain sanctified and sleek ;
 Still let the drones of her exhaustlefs hive,
 On fat pluralities fupinely thrive :
 Still let her fenates titled slaves revere,
 Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer ;
 For tinfel'd courts their laurel'd mount defpife,
 In ftars and ftirings fuperlatively wife :
 No longer charm'd by virtue's golden lyre,
 Who fung of old amid th' Aonian choir,
 Where CAM, flow winding thro' the breezy reeds,
 With kindly wave his groves of laurel feeds.

'Tis ours, my fon, to deal the facred bay,
 Where Honour calls, and Juftice points the way ;
 To wear the well-earn'd wreath which merit brings,
 And fnatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
 Scorning, and fcorn'd by courts, yon Mufes' bow'r
 Still nor enjoys, nor afks, the fmile of pow'r.
 Tho' wakeful Vengeance watch my chryftal fpring,
 Tho' Persecution wave her iron wing,

50 THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

And o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
 "These destin'd seats be mine" exulting cries;
 On ISIS still each gift of fortune waits,
 Still peace and plenty deck my beauteous gates.
 See Science walks with freshest chaplets crown'd;
 With songs of joy my festive groves resound;
 My Muse divine, still keeps her wonted state,
 The front erect, and high majestic gait:
 Green as of old, each oliv'd portal smiles,
 And still the Graces build my Parian piles:
 My Gothic spires in ancient grandeur rise,
 And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

Ah should'st thou fall (forbid it heav'nly pow'rs!)
 Dash'd into dust with all thy cloud-capt tow'rs;
 Who but would mourn to British virtue dear,
 What patriot could refuse the manly tear!
 What British MARIUS could refrain to weep
 O'er mighty CARTHAGE fall'n, a prostrate heap!

E'en late when RADCLIFFE's delegated train
 Auspicious shone in ISIS' happy plain;
 When yon proud * dome, fair Learning's amplest
 shrine,

Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the Nine;
 Mute was the voice of joy and loud applause,
 To RADCLIFFE due, and ISIS' honour'd cause?
 What free-born crouds adorn'd the festive day,
 Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!

* RADCLIFFE's library.

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS. 51

How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,
 When SHELTON's fane the patriot band receiv'd ;
 While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
 Rome's awful senate rush'd upon our view !

O may the day in latest annals shine,
 That made a BEAUFORT, and an HARLEY mine :
 That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
 The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
 For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
 To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine.
 Then Music left her golden sphere on high,
 And bore each strain of triumph from the sky ;
 Swell'd the full song, and to my chiefs around,
 Pour'd the full Pæans of mellifluous sound.

My Naiads blythe the floating accents caught,
 And listning danc'd beneath their pearly grot :
 In gentler eddies play'd my wanton wave,
 And all my reeds their softest whispers gave ;
 Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bow'rs,
 And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flow'rs.

But lo ! at once the swelling concerts cease,
 And crouded theatres are hush'd in peace.
 See, on yon sage how all attentive stand,
 To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.
 Hark ! he begins, with all a TULLY's art
 To pour the dictates of a CATO's heart. -
 Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
 He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire ;

52 THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

Bold to conceive, nor tim'rous to conceal,
 What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
 'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
 To win with action, and with sense to warm;
 Untaught in flow'ry diction to dispense
 The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence;
 In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
 Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise.
 Bids happier days to ALBION be restor'd,
 Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword;
 From me, as from my country, wins applause,
 And makes an OXFORD's a BRITANNIA's cause.

While arms like these my steadfast sages wield,
 While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield;
 Say, shall the PUNY CHAMPION fondly dare
 To wage with force like this, scholastic war?
 Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
 With all the rage of pedant impotence?
 Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
 This parricide that wounds a mother's breast?

Thus in the stately ship that long has bore
 Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
 By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,
 Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
 Eats his blind way, and saps with secret toil
 The deep foundations of the watry pile.
 In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
 Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;

In vain the thunder's martial rage she stood,
With each fierce conflict of the stormy flood ;
More sure the reptile's little arts devour,
Than waves, or wars, or Eurus' wintry pow'r.

Ye venerable bow'rs, ye seats sublime,
Clad in the mossy vest of fleeting time ;
Ye stately piles of old Munificence,
At once the pride of Learning and defence,
Where ancient Piety, a matron hoar,
Still seems to keep the hospitable door ;
Ye cloisters pale, that lengthening to the sight,
Still step by step to musings mild invite ;
Ye high-archt walks where oft the bard has caught
The glowing sentiment, the lofty thought ;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise ;
Lo! your lov'd ISIS, from the bord'ring vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail ! ---
Hail, OXFORD, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and seat ;
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame !
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedæmon free !

Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy sacred sons arise ;
With ev'ry various flower their temples wreath'd,
That in thy gardens green its fragrance breath'd.

54 THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
Thy crouding bards immortal CHAUCER leads :
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing choir,
And beams on all around celestial fire :
With graceful step see ADDISON advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance :
To all, but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See LOCKE leads Reason, his majestic bride :
See sacred HAMMOND, as he treads the field,
With godlike arm uprears his heav'nly shield.

All who beneath the shades of gentle peace,
Best plan'd the labours of domestic ease ;
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd ;
Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd ;
Who told the pow'rs of reason, or refin'd,
All, all that strengthen'd or adorn'd the mind ;
Each priest of health, who mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul ;
All croud around, and echoing to the sky,
Hail, OXFORD, hail ! with filial transport cry.

And see yon solemn band ! with virtuous aim,
'Twas theirs in thought the glorious deed to frame :
With pious plans each musing feature glows,
And well weigh'd counsels mark their meaning brows :
" Lo ! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"
HAMDEN, and HOOKER, HYDE, and SIDNEY shine ;
These from thy source the fires of freedom caught :
How well thy sons by their example taught !

While in each breast th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguish'd and the same !

Nor all the toils of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.

I see the fable-suited prince advance
With lillies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
EDWARD-----the Muses in yon hallow'd shade
Bound on his tender thigh the martial blade :
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,
And OXFORD taught the deeds that CRESSY saw.

And see, great father of the laureat band,
The * BRITISH KING before me seems to stand.
He by my plenty-crowned scenes beguil'd,
And genial influence of my seasons mild,
Hither of yore (forlorn, forgotten maid)
The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd ;
From Gothic rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore :
Soon grew the maid beneath his fost'ring hand,
Soon pour'd her blessings o'er th' enlighten'd land.
Tho' rude the † dome, and humble the retreat,
Where first his pious care ordain'd her seat,
Lo! now on high she dwells in Attic bow'rs,
And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred tow'rs.

* Alfred. Regis Romani. V. Virg. *Æn.* 6.

† ----- Ad Capitolia ducit
Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis.

56 THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

He first fair Learning's and Britannia's cause
 Adorn'd with manners, and advanc'd with laws ;
 He bade relent the Briton's savage heart,
 And form'd his soul to social scenes of art,
 Wifest and best of kings ! with ravish'd gaze
 Elate the long procession he surveys :
 Joyful he smiles to find, that not in vain
 He plan'd the rudiments of Learning's reign :
 Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
 With all the founder in the race express'd :
 With rapture views, fair Freedom still survive
 In yon bright domes (ill-fated fugitive)
 (Such seen, as when the goddess pour'd the beam
 Unfullied on his ancient diadem)
 Well-pleas'd that in his own Pierian seat
 She plumes her wings, and rests her weary feet ;
 That here at last she takes her fav'rite stand,
 " Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land."

A
 LOVE ELEGY.

BY MR. HAMMOND.

I.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
 And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd;
 Whom neighb'ring foes in constant terror hold,
 And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound.

II.

While calmly poor, I trifle life away,
 Enjoy sweet leisure by my chearful fire,
 No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
 But cheaply blest'd, I'll scorn each vain desire.

III.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
 And plant my orchard with it's master's hand,
 Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
 Or range the sheaves along the sunny land.

E

IV.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
And not a little chide it's thoughtless dam.

V.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast?
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy sink at last to rest.

VI.

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my DELIA walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away.

VII.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on DELIA as I go!
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

VIII.

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream.
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for DELIA, and myself alone.

IX.

Ah foolish man! who thus of her posselt,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

X.

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own;
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here, I know, that I am lov'd alone.

XI.

STANHOPE, in wisdom, as in wit, divine,
May rise, and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
With steady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly sense the deep attention draws:

XII.

Let STANHOPE speak his list'ning country's wrong,
My humble voice shall please one partial maid,
For her alone, I pen my tender song,
Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

XIII.

STANHOPE shall come, and grace his rural friend,
DELIA shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's Patron cull the best.

XIV.

Her's be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

XV.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plow,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock,
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock.

XVI.

Ah! what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep.

XVII.

DELIA alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight,
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows thro' every night.

XVIII.

Beauty and worth, alone in her, contend
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind:
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

XIX.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying, press her with my clay-cold hand----
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

XX.

Oh! when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Tho' I am dead, my soul shall love thee still.

XXI.

Oh quit the room, oh quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart!
O leave me, DELIA! ere thou see me dead,
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

XXII.

Let them extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Thro' all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate.

T H E
T E A R S
O F
S C O T L A N D.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVI.

I.

MOURN, hapless CALEDONIA, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more,
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

II.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

III.

What boots it then, in every clime,
 Thro' the wide spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage, and rancour fell.

IV.

The rural pipe, and merry lay
 No more shall chear the happy day:
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night:
 No strains, but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

V.

Oh baneful cause, oh, fatal morn,
 Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
 The sons, against their fathers stood,
 The parent shed his children's blood.
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
 The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

64 THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

VI.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forfaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread,
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

VII.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow,
“ Mourn, hapless CALEDONIA, mourn
“ Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn.”

A N E L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

THE Curfeu tolls, the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 Or drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save, that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
 The moeping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care:
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive the team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boasts of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory, lead but to the grave.

Forgive, ye proud, the involuntary fault,
If memory to these no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn ile and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to it's mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the reins of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-HAMPDEN, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood :
Some mute inglorious MILTON here may rest,
Some CROMWELL guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense, kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply,
And many an holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to dye.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Still in their ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,

' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
' Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
' His listless length at noontide wou'd he stretch,
' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
' Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
‘ Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree ;
‘ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
‘ The next, with dirges due in sad array,
‘ Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him borne.
‘ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
‘ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.
‘ There scatter’d oft, the earliest of the year,
‘ By hands unseen, are show’rs of violets found ;
‘ The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
‘ And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

THE EPITAPH.

“ Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
“ A youth to fortune and to fame unknown :
“ Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
“ And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.
“ Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
“ Heav’n did a recompence as largely send :
“ He gave to mis’ry (all he had) a tear ;
“ He gain’d from heav’n (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.
“ No farther seek his merits to disclose,
“ Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
“ (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
“ The bosom of his father and his God.

ON THE DEATH OF
FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, BY DAVID LORD VISCOUNT
STORMONT, OF CH. CH. OXON.

LITTLE I whilom deem'd my artless zeal
Should woo the British Muse in foreign land
To strains of bitter argument, and teach
The mimic Nymph, that haunts the winding verge
And oozy current of Parisian Seine,
To syllable new sounds in accents strange.

But sad occasion calls : who now forbears
The last kind office ? who but consecrates
His off'ring at the shrine of fair Renown
To gracious FREDERIC rais'd ; tho' but compos'd
Of the waste flourets, whose neglected hues
Chequer the lonely hedge, or mountain slope ?

Where are those hopes, where fled th' illusive scenes
That forgeful fancy plan'd, what time the bark
Stem'd the salt wave from Albion's chalky bourn ?

Then filial Piety and parting Love
Pour'd the fond pray'r ; " Farewell, ye less'ning
" cliffs,

ON PRINCE FREDERIC's DEATH. 71

" Fairer to me, than aught in fabled song
" Or mystic record told of shores Atlantic!
" Favour'd of heav'n, farewell! imperial isle,
" Native to noblest wits, and best approv'd
" In manly science, and advent'rous deed!
" Celestial Freedom, by rude hand estrang'd
" From regions once frequented, with Thee takes
" Her steadfast station, fast beside the throne
" Of scepter'd Rule, and there her state maintains
" In social concord, and harmonious love.
" These blessings still be thine, nor meddling fiend
" Stir in your busy streets foul Faction's roar;
" Still thrive your growing works, and gales propitious
" Visit your sons who ride the watry waste;
" And still be heard from forth your gladsome bow'rs
" Shrill tabor-pipes, and ev'ry peaceful sound.
" Nor vain the wish, while GEORGE the golden scale
" With steady prudence holds, and temp'rate sway.
" And when his course of earthly honours run,
" With lenient hand shall FREDERIC sooth your care,
" Rich in each princely quality, mature
" In years, and happiest in nuptial choice.
" Thence too arise new hopes, a playful troop
" Circles his hearth, sweet pledges of that bed,
" Which Faith, and Joy, and thousand Virtues guard.
" His be the care t' inform their ductile minds
" With worthiest thoughts, and point the ways of
honour.

72 ON PRINCE FREDERIC's DEATH.

" How often shall he hear with fresh delight
 " Their earnest tales, or watch their rising passions
 " With timorous attention ; then shall tell
 " Of justice, fortitude, and public weal ;
 " And oft the while each rigid precept smooth
 " With winning tokens of parental love ! "

Thus my o'erweening heart the secret stores
 Of Britain's hope explor'd, while my strain'd sight
 Pursued her fading hills, till wrapt in mist
 They gently sunk beneath the swelling tide.
 Nor slept those thoughts, whene'er in other climes,
 I mark'd the cruel waste of foul oppression,
 Saw noblest spirits, and goodliest faculties,
 To vassalage and loathsome service bound.
 Then conscious preference rose ; then northward
 turn'd

My eye, to gratulate my natal soil.
 How have I chid with froward eagerness
 Each veering blast, that from my hand withheld
 The well known characters of some lov'd friend
 Tho' distant, not unmindful ! Still I learn'd
 Delighted, what each patriot plan devis'd
 Of arts, or glory, or diffusive commerce.
 Nor wanted its endearment every tale
 Of lightest import. But oh ! heavy change,
 What notices come now ? Distracted scenes
 Of helpless sorrow, solemn sad accounts ;
 How fair AUGUSTA watch'd the weary night.

ON PRINCE FREDERIC's DEATH. 73

Tending the bed of anguish ; how great GEORGE
Wept with his infant progeny around ;
How heav'd the orphan's and the widow's sigh,
That follow'd FREDERIC to the silent tomb.

For well was FREDERIC lov'd ; and well deserv'd :
His voice was ever sweet, and on his steps
Attended ever the alluring grace
Of gentle lowliness and social zeal.
Him shall remember oft the labour'd hind,
Relating to his mates each casual act
Of courteous bounty. Him th' artificer,
Plying the varied woof in sullen sadness,
Tho' wont to carrol many a ditty sweet.
Soon too the mariner, who many moons
Has counted, beating still the foamy surge,
And treads at last the wish'd-for beach, shall stand
Appall'd at the sad tale, and soon shall steal
Down his rough cheek th' involuntary tear.

Be this our solace yet, all is not dead ;
The bright memorial lives : for his example
Shall Hymen trim his torch, domestic praise
Be countenanc'd, and virtue fairer shew.
In age succeeding, when another GEORGE,
To ratify some weighty ordinance
Of Britain's peers conven'd, shall pass beside
Those hallow'd spires, whose gloomy vaults enclose,
Shrouded in sleep, pale rows of scepter'd kings,
Oft to his sense the sweet paternal voice

74 ON PRINCE FREDERIC'S DEATH.

And long-remember'd features shall return ;
Then shall his generous breast be new inflam'd
To act of highest worth, and highest fame.

These plaintive strains from ALBION far away,
I lonely meditate at even-tide ;
Nor skill'd nor studious of the raptur'd lay ;
But still rememb'ring oft the magic sounds,
Well-measur'd to the chime of Dorian lute,
Or past'ral stop, which erst I lov'd to hear
On Isis' broider'd mead, where dips by fits
The stooping osier in her hasty stream.

Hail WOLSEY's spacious dome ! hail, ever fam'd
For faithful nurture, and truth's sacred lore,
Much honour'd parent ! You my duteous zeal
Accept, if haply in thy laureat wreath
You deign to interweave this humble song.

ON THE SAME.

BY MR. JAMES CLITHEROW OF ALL SOULS COLL.

I.

'T WAS on the evening of that gloomy day,
 When FREDERIC, ever lov'd, and ever mourn'd,
 (Such heav'n's high will, and who shall disobey ?)
 To earth's cold womb in holy pomp return'd :

II.

With fullen sounds, the death-denouncing bell
 Proclaim'd aloud the dismal tale of woe,
 The pealing organ join'd the solemn knell,
 In mournful notes, majestically slow.

III.

The full-voic'd choir, in stoles of purest white,
 With frequent pause, the soul-felt anthem raise ;
 While o'er the walls in darkest sable dight,
 A thousand tapers pour'd their holy blaze.

IV.

In high devotion wrapt, the mitred sage,
 With energy sublime, the rites began ;
 While tears from every sex, and every age,
 Bewail'd the prince, the father, and the man.

76 ON PRINCE FREDERIC's DEATH.

V.

“ Who, when our sov'reign liege to fate shall yield,
“ Shall prop, like him, Britannia's falling state ?
“ Who now the vengeful sword of justice wield,
“ Or ope, like him, sweet Mercy's golden gate ?

VI.

“ Who shall to Arts their pristine honours bring,
“ Rear from the dust fair Learning's laurell'd head,
“ Or bid rich commerce plume her daring wing ?
“ Arts, Learning, Commerce are in FREDERIC dead.

VII.

“ Who now shall tend, with fond paternal care,
“ The future guardians of our faith and laws ;
“ Who teach their breasts with patriot worth to dare,
“ And die with ardour, in Britannia's cause ?

VIII.

“ And who, ah ! who, with soft endearing lore,
“ Shall sooth, like him, the royal mourner's breast ?
“ Her lord, her life, her FREDERIC is no more.”—
Deep groans and bitter wailings speak the rest.

IX.

Then, when at length the awful scene was clos'd,
And dust to dust in holy hope consign'd ;
All to their silent homes their steps dispos'd,
To feed on solitary woe the mind ;

X.

All but Lorenzo ;—he with grief dismay'd ;
Nor heeding aught but FREDERIC's hapless fate,
Musing along the cloyster'd temple stray'd,
Till lonely midnight clos'd th' impervious gate.

XI.

But when each lamp by slow degrees expir'd,
And total night assumes her silent reign,
Sudden he starts, with wild amazement fir'd,
And big with horror traverses the fane.

XII.

The vaulted mansions of th' illustrious dead
Inspire his shudd'ring soul with ghastly fears,
Dire shapes, and beck'ning shades around him tread,
And hollow voices murmur in his ears.

XIII.

There, as around the monumental maze
Darkling he wanders, a resplendent gleam
Shoots o'er th' illumin'd ile a distant blaze,
Pale as the glow-worm's fire, or Cynthia's beam.

XIV.

With glory clad, th' imperial shrines among,
Four royal shapes on iv'ry thrones were plac'd,
High o'er their heads four airy diadems hung,
Which never yet their maiden brows had grac'd.

78 ON PRINCE FREDERIC'S DEATH.

XV.

The first was he, whom CRESSY's glorious plain
Has fam'd for martial deeds and bold emprise;
Nor less his praise in Virtue's milder strain,
Just, humble, learned, merciful and wise.

XVI.

Next ARTHUR sat, at whose auspicious birth
In one sweet flower the blended roses join'd;
And HENRY next, fair plant of Scottish earth,
The hope, the joy of ALBION and mankind.

XVII.

Yet green in death, the last majestic shade
Wore gracious FREDERIC's mild, endearing look;
To him the rest obeysance courteous paid,
And EDWARD thus the princely form bespoke:

XVIII.

" All hail! illustrious partner of our fate,
" For whom, as once for us, Britannia bleeds;
" Hail! to the mansions of the good and great,
" Where crowns immortal wait on virtuous deeds.

XIX.

" The same our fortune, as our worth the same,
" (To worth like ours short date doth heav'n assign)
" As one our fortune, one shall be our fame,
" And long record our deathless names shall join.

XX.

" But oh ! I tremble for Britannia's state,
" May guardian pow'rs avert the dire presage !
" For well she knows, at our untimely fate
" How heav'n's dread vengeance smote each
" sinful age.

XXI.

" The regal staff aspiring BOLINGBROKE
" Snatch'd with rude grasp from RICHARD'S
" princely hand ;
" Loos'd from hell's confines, civil Discord shook
" The dubious throne, and tore the bleeding land.

XXII.

" When ARTHUR died, imperious HENRY's thirst
" Of subject's blood, nor heeded sex nor age ;
" His wives a sacrifice to vagrant lust,
" His nobles victims to tyrannic rage.

XXIII.

" When pious CHARLES in right fraternal reign'd,
" Rebellion proudly stalk'd from shore to shore,
" Her laws, her rights, her holy faith profan'd,
" And dy'd the guilty land with royal gore.

XXIV.

" Yet ah ! may pity move relenting heav'n !
" Enough she groans beneath her present woe ;

80 ON PRINCE FREDERIC'S DEATH.

"Enough to vengeance is already given;

"Her FREDERIC's dead;—there needs no other
"blow."

XXV.

Scarce had he spoken, when the bird of day
'Gan morn's approach with clarion shrill declare,
At once th' unbodied phantoms fade away,
The fond illusion all dissolves in air.

O D E

ON THE

APPROACH OF SUMMER.

BY A GENTLEMAN FORMERLY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

*Te dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli,
Ad-ventumque tuum ; tibi suavis dædala tellus
Submittit flores ; tibi rident æquora ponti ;
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cælum.*

LUCRETIVS.

HENCE, iron-scepter'd WINTER, haste
To bleak Siberian waste !
Haste to thy polar solitude ;
Mid cataracts of ice,
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments rude,
From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by fleety show'rs,
Thy gloomy Gothic castle tow'rs ;
Amid whose howling iles and halls,
Where no gay sunbeam paints the walls,

On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud,
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

E'en now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy train retreat :
Thy ruthless host stern EURUS guides,
That on a ravenous tiger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shewn
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown :
Grim AUSTER, dropping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue :
And COLD, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threatening with his arrows keen ;
And next, in furry coat embost
With icicles, his brother FROST.

WINTER farewell ! thy forests hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more ;
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild !
But come thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,
Sweetest SUMMER ! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee APRIL blythe, as long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolick'd o'er,
With muskie nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's first dawning spring,)
To gather balm of choicest dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery ;

To cull the essence of rich smells
In which to dip his new-born bells ;
Thee, as he skim'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, smiling sweet ;
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
There on an aramanthine bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed ;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You bloom'd a goddess debonnair ;
And then he gave the blessed isle
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile :
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine :
And to thy care the task assign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roseate infant-births to rear,
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.

Haste thee nymph ! and hand in hand,
With thee lead a buxom band ;
Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
With Sport that yellow-tressed boy.
Leisure, that through the balmy sky,
Chases a crimson butterfly.
Bring Health that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk-maid on the lawn ;
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,
Meek, cottage-loving shepherdes !

And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,
Light, and for ever on the wing.
Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean
On river-margins, mossy green.

But who is she, that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain ?
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
Her tresses flow with pastoral air ;
'Tis May the Grace——concest she stands
By branch of hawthorn in her hands :
Lo! near her trip the lightsome Dews,
Their wings all ting'd in iris-hues ;
With whom the pow'rs of Flora play,
And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest Queen,
Has drest the groves in liv'ry green ;
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bow'r to build ;
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And mists in spreading steams convey
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay ;
Then, Goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in museful mood,
Near the rush'd marge of CHERWELL's flood ;
Or o'er old AVON's magic edge,
Whence Shakespeare cull'd the spiky sedge,

All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There thro' the dusk but dimly seen,
Sweet ev'ning objects intervene :
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chaunts.
The woodman, speeding home, awhile
Rests him at a shady stile.
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense ;
Nor tangled woodbines balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent, to breathe perfume :
Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet :
Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell :
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cott :
Ruffle the breezes lightly borne
Or deep-embattel'd ears of corn :
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.
Meantime, a thousand dies invest
The ruby chambers of the West !
That all astant the village tow'r
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level-streaming rays
Far seen its arched windows blaze :

And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints, and gleams of light :
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blythe heart in extasies ;
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight
Pourtrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting light subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ :
Till from the path I fondly stray
In musings lapt, nor heed the way ;
Wandering thro' the landscape still,
Till Melancholy has her fill ;
And on each moss-wove border damp,
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the Sun, at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tow'r ;
Me, heart-rejoicing Goddess, lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead :
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng ;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath :
There as my listless limbs are thrown,
On couch more soft than palace down ;
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil that hums around ;

And see the team shrill-tinkling pass,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer-show'r,
When the bright sun's returning pow'r,
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
And chear'd reviving nature's form ;
By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue ;
There issuing forth the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail ;
While as I walk, from pearled bush,
The sunny-sparkling drop I brush ;
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue :
And so loud the black-bird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock ;
From bowering beech the mower blythe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe ;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock ;

Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone ;
Which, as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around :
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its sides with mantling woodbines wove ;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Where Helicon's fresh fountain wells ;
Or noon-tide grot where Sylvan sleeps
In hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.

Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day ;
Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
His withering hawthorn on the heath ;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve !
Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands
Smote with keen heat, the trav'ler stands :
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wish some cooling wave
To flake his lips, or limbs to lave !
And thinks, in every whisper low,
He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of sage Solitude !

There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark;
Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The Genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Illissus' laureat shore.—
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!

Or to the forest-fringed vale
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowslips clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
In the midst, with sedges grey
Crown'd, a scant riv'let winds its way,
And trembling thro' the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cott, nor loitering hind is seen:
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
Save that by fits an heifer lows:
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage;
Fit place his pensive eld might chuse
On virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease
Some more romantic scene might please;

Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
 By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn :
 Or bow'r in Vallambrosa's shade,
 By legendary pens pourtray'd.
 Haste, let me shroud from painful light,
 On that hoar hill's aerial height,
 In solemn state, where waving wide,
 Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide
 The rugged vaults, and riven tow'rs
 Of that proud Castle's painted bow'rs,
 Whence HARDYKNUTE, a baron bold,
 In Scotland's martial days of old,
 Descended from the stately feast,
 Begirt with many a warrior-guest,
 To quell the pride of Norway's king,
 With quiv'ring lance and twanging string.
 As thro' the caverns dim I wind,
 Might I that holy legend find,
 By fairies spelt in mystic rhimes,
 To teach enquiring later times,
 What open force, or secret guile,
 Dash'd into dust the solemn pile !

But when mild Morn in saffron stole
 First issues from her eastern goal;
 Let not my due feet fail to climb
 Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
 Whence nature's universal face,
 Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;

The misty streams that wind below,
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
The groves, and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear.

O! every village-charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous rural interchange!
The simple spire, and elmy grange!
CONTENT, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flow'rs,
And cattle rous'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou, alone, O SUMMER mild,
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes:
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens;
What fires within my bosom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take!
What charms like thine the muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
With whom each field's a paradise,
And all the globe a Bow'r of blifs!
With thee conversing, all the day,
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloisters let me leave,
To breathe my votive song at eve,
In valleys where mild whispers use;
Of shade and stream to court the muse.

While wand'ring o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And Age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around enclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows ;
Beneath whose dark and branching bow'rs
It's tides a far-fam'd river pours :
By nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!

Still grot of Peace! in lowly shed
Who loves to rest her gentle head.
For not the scenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or sooth the heart :
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind heav'n, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content ;
The faithful friend, and chearful night,
The social scene of dear delight :
The conscience pure, the temper gay,
The musing eve, and idle day.
Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
Rapt with the charms of classic wit ;
To catch the bold heroic flame,
That built immortal Græcia's fame.

Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
The solemn song to Britain's praise :
To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,
And paint heroic ancient deeds :
To chaunt fam'd ARTHUR's magic tale,
And EDWARD, stern in fable mail.
Or wand'ring BRUTUS' lawless doom,
Or brave BONDUCA, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet Poesie,
Let me live true votary!
She shall lead me by the hand,
Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!
She from her precious stores shall shed
Ambrosial flow'rets o'er my head :
She, from my tender youthful cheek,
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
The secret and unpitied tear,
Which still I drop in darkness drear.
She shall be my blooming bride,
With her, as years successive glide,
I'll hold divinest dalliance,
For ever rapt in holy trance.

A
P A S T O R A L
IN THE
MANNER OF SPENSER.
FROM THEOCRITUS. IDYLL. XX.
BY THE SAME.

I.

AS late I strove LUCILLA's lip to kifs,
She with discourtesee reprov'd my will;
Dost thou, she said, affect so pleasaunt blifs,
A simple shepherd, and a losell vile?
Not Fancy's hand should join my courly lip
To thine, as I myself were fast asleep.

II.

As thus she spake, full proud and boasting lasse,
And as a peacocke pearke, in dalliance
She bragly turned her ungentle face,
And all disdaining ey'd my shape askaunce:
But I did blush, with grief and shame yblent,
Like morning-rose with hoary dewe besprent.

III.

Tell me, my fellows all, am I not fair?
Has fell enchantress blasted all my charms?
Whilom mine head was sleek with tressed hayre,
My laughing eyne did shoot out love's alarms:
E'en KATE did deemen me the fairest swain,
When erst I won this girdle on the plain.

IV.

My lip with vermil was embellished,
My bagpipes notes loud and delicious were,
The milk-white lilly, and the rose so red,
Did on my face depeinten lively cheere;
My voice as soote as mounting larke did shrill,
My looke was blythe as MARGARET's at the mill,

V.

But she forsooth, more fair than MADGE or KATE,
A dainty maid, did deign not shepherd's love;
Nor wist what THENOT told us swains of late;
That VENUS fought a shepherd in a grove;
Nor that a heav'nly god who PHOEBUS hight,
To tend his flock with shepherds did delight.

VI.

Ah! 'tis that VENUS with accurst despight,
That all my dolour and my shame has made!
Nor does remembrance of her own delight,
For me one drop of pity sweet persuaide?
Aye hence the glowing rapture may she miss,
Like me be scorn'd, nor ever taste a kiss.

I N S C R I B E D

ON A BEAUTIFUL

GROTTO NEAR THE WATER.

I.

THE Graces fought in yonder stream,
To cool the fervid day,
When love's malicious godhead came,
And stole their robes away.

II.

Proud of the theft, the little god
Their robes bade DELIA wear;
While They, ashamed to stir abroad,
Remain all naked here.

LOVE ELEGY.

BY MR. SMOLLET.

I.

WHere now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy!
 MONIMIA, give my soul her wonted rest;—
 Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
 Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

II.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
 With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
 Lead Beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
 Or press her wanton in love's roseate bow'r.

III.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
 Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around;
 Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
 To hear the music of the grove resound.

IV.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
 Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
 Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
 And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

V.

There leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine;
Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

VI.

Wilt thou, MONIMIA, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
Wilt thou strew flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie light upon my breast!

A
P A N E G Y R I C
O N
O X F O R D A L E.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF TRINITY COLL.

——— *Mea nec Falernæ*
Temperant vites, neque Formani
Pocula colles. HORAT.

BALM of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
Hail JUICE benignant! O'er the costly cups
Of riot-stirring wine, unwholsome draught,
Let Pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night;
My sober ev'ning let the tankard blefs,
With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!

Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my soul
A Calm Lethean creeps; in drowsy trance
Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
Its opiate influence. What tho' fore ills
Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals,
Or chearful candle, save the make-weight's gleam
Haply remaining; heart-rejoicing ALE
Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.

Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
Of Tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
Of deep SMIGLECIUS much I meditate;
While ALE inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
Sweet Helicon of Logic! But if friends
Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
To pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
Where, ALE, thy votaries in full resort,
Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
Of monumental oak and antique mould,
That long has stood the rage of conquering years
Inviolatè, (nor in more ample chair
Smoaks rosy Justice, when th' important cause,
Whether of hen-roost, or of mirthful rape,
In all the majesty of paunch he tries)
Studious of ease, and provident, I place

My gladsome limbs; while in repeated round
Returns replenish'd, the successive cup,
And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy:
While haply, to relieve the ling'ring hours
In innocent delight, amusive Putt
On smooth joint-stool in emblematic play
The vain vicissitudes of fortune shews.
Nor Reck'ning, name tremendous, me disturbs,
Nor, call'd for, chills my breast with sudden fear;
While on the wonted door, expressive mark,
The frequent penny stands describ'd to view,
In snowy characters and graceful row.——

Hail, TICKING! surest guardian of distress!
Beneath thy shelter penniless I quaff
The chearful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
New oysters cry'd:—tho' much the poet's friend,
Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,
Accept this tribute of poetic praise!——

Nor Proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof
Of pot-house snug to visit: wiser he
The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house
Of JAMES or JUGGINS, where the grateful breath
Of loath'd tobacco ne'er diffus'd its balm;
But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
Oft dams the vulgar sons of humbler ALE:
In vain——the Proctor's voice arrests their joys;

Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess!

Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
All-pow'rful ALE! whose sorrow-soothing sweets
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand
Not unexperienc'd; while the tedious toil
Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain
Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
Companion meet of languor-loving nymph:
Be mine each morn with eager appetite
And hunger undissembled, to repair
To friendly buttery; there on smoaking crust
And foaming ALE to banquet unrestrained,
Material breakfast! Thus in ancient days
Our ancestors robust with lib'ral cups
Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons
Of modern times: Nor ever had the might
Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With British ALE improving British worth.

With ALE irriguous, undismay'd I hear
The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome
Importunate: whether the plaintive voice
Of laundress shrill awake my startled ear;
Or barber spruce with supple look intrude;
Or taylor with obsequious bow advance;
Or groom invade me with defying front
And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds
(Whene'er or Phœbus shone with kindlier beams,

Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supply'd)
Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.
In vain they plead or threat: All-pow'rful ALE
Excuses new supplies, and each descends
With joyless pace, and debt-despairing looks:
E'en SPACEY with indignant brow retires,
Fiercest of duns! and conquer'd quits the field.

Why did the gods such various blessings pour
On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands
So soon the short-liv'd bounty to recall?——
Thus, while improvident of future ill,
I quaff the luscious tankard unrestrain'd,
And thoughtless riot in unlicens'd blifs;
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent!)
Th' un pitying Burfar's cross-affixing hand
Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.
Nor now the friendly pot-house longer yields
A sure retreat, when night o'er shades the skies;
Nor SHEPHERD, barbarous matron, longer gives
The wonted trust, and WINTER ticks no more.

Thus ADAM, exil'd from the beauteous scenes
Of Eden griev'd, no more in fragrant bow'r
On fruits divine to feast, fresh shade or vale,
No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot;
But, all forlorn, the dreary wilderness,
And unrejoicing solitudes to trace:
Thus too the matchless bard, whose lay resounds
The SPLENDID SHILLING's praise, in nightly gloom

104 A P A N E G Y R I C, &c.

Of lonesome garret pin'd for chearful ALE;
 Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
 Mean follower, like him with honest love
 Of ALE divine inspir'd, and love of song:
 But long may bounteous heav'n with watchful care
 Avert his hapless lot! Enough for me
 That burning with congenial flame I dar'd
 His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
 And sing his favorite theme in kindred strains.

FOUR ELEGIES.

I. MORNING. } } III. EVENING.
 II. NOON. } } IV. NIGHT.

BY THE REV. MR. STEPHEN PANTING.

Sweet is the breath of MORN, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
 Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful EVENING mild: then silent NIGHT.

MILT. Par. Lost, iv. 641.

ELEGY I.

MORNING.

THE opening East now streaks a ruddy ray,
 The Morn far-streaming shakes the realms
 of night,
 Aurora pours the bright resplendent day,
 And drowsy darkness wings her heavy flight.

H

The eve-born fogs in vagrant vapours rise,
And shade the earth with clouds of murkey hue,
Till Phœbus chasing Chaos from the skies,
Bedecks th' enlighten'd scene with radiant dew.

Nature awak'd from sweet refreshing rest,
Infuses vigour through Creation's reign,
Gay pleasures dawn, and gladden ev'ry breast,
Whilst Joy inspires one universal strain.

In greener verdure shines each tree array'd,
A brighter blossom buds the leafy spray,
The swarming songsters through the sylvan shade
On ev'ry bush blythe-warbling pour the lay.

To shun the loath'd embrace of meagre want,
The early threshers whirl aloft the flail;
And lusty woodmen, at the lark's first chaunt,
The forest-eccho with their axes hail.

Now whistling hinds prepare the toilful plow,
Or drive o'er flowery lawns the frisking flock;
Now shepherds climb the summit's craggy brow,
And goats high pendent browse the busky rock.

The big-swoln udder prompts the lowing train
The balmy tribute to their lord to pay,
The merry milkmaid and the jocund swain
Now carol wild a rustic roundelay.

The jolly hunter winds his bugle-horn,
And chearful notes rend wide the welkin round,
Shrill echo wakes the slowly-rising morn,
And ev'ry glowing bosom feels the sound.

In civil life, where various arts abound,
That give or ease or dignity to man,
The dawning light and busy scene around
Displays the thoughtful brow, and toilful clan.

Now lightly tripping o'er the breezy green
The bright Hygeia leads her festive train,
Now young-ey'd pleasure's laughing-troop is seen
To tread in mazy dance the pearly plain.

Whilst on the yielding pillow's downy folds
In sleepy state nods sloth's destructive pow'r,
A stupid dose her drowsy votaries holds,
And man beguiles of life's most precious hour.

Around her couch fits spirit-wasting spleen,
The hollow eye that looks heart-gnawing care,
The Asthma, pallid form, and sickness green,
Whilst Physic's solemn fons smile dreadful near.

The crew, who, late so barbarously gay,
Swell'd the loud riot o'er the midnight bowl,
In Morpheus' cave unseemly snore the day,
Void of each manly nobleness of soul,

The upland walks more sapient spirits seek,
Where ease and health and sweet content agree,
Where rosy redness streaks the blooming cheek,
Where pompous doctor never palm'd a fee.

As nature's variegated beauties rise,
How swells the growing landscape on the eye!
From the fine blendure of ten thousand dyes,
The visual soul is lost in grand variety.

Now gay imagination boldly roves,
Excursive through creation's ample scene,
O'er the bare desert, through the spicey groves,
The dank wave's depth, and Æthers blue serene.

Oft too inspir'd at morning's early dawn
The bard high wrapt in sweet poetic dream,
Or slowly wanders o'er the dewy lawn,
Or on the daisy'd marge of murmuring stream.

There as Aurora shed ambrosial light,
Erst to her SHAKESPEAR's lov'd embrace she flew,
There swell'd his soul with rapturous delight,
As Nature's genuine charms her pencil drew.

Oft SPENCER too, ELIZA's blytheft swain,
With her in dalliance has the hours beguil'd,
From oaten reed oft pip'd the artless strain
To moral fiction, fancy's loveliest child.

O Pow'r, that giv'st the energy of song,
Without whose aid the labour'd volume's nought,
O snatch a votary from the lifeless throng,
Inspire each line, and animate each thought!

Thy genial impulse warms the bard to sing,
In ev'ry different clime and rolling age,
And erst beside thy fairy-grot did spring
Each Attic wreath, that crowns the tuneful sage.

E L E G Y II.

N O O N.

BY THE SAME.

HIGH in the zenith of his wide domain,
 Flames the bright pow'r, that rules the noon-
 tide ray,
 O'er the fierce steeds loose shakes the golden rein,
 And darts around intolerable day.

Befide his chariot born with rapid speed
 Enfeebling Sweats and paly Languors ride,
 Wan Sickneſs, mounted on a ſun-beam ſteed,
 Flashes her peſtilential falchion wide.

The vermeil verdure of th' enamell'd mead,
 The flocks, the herds, all feel the ſultry pow'r,
 Scorch'd nature fainting droops her languid head,
 And all creation mourns the fervent hour.

By gelid founts and rills that purl the glade,
 Where DIAN's ſilvan train at noon reſort,
 The Dryad coolneſs ſeeks the ſhelt'ring ſhade,
 Whilſt round her moſs-bed balmy breezes ſport.

E L E G Y II.

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Oft now fequefter'd in the lonely dale,
Where nought obtruding may their joys prevent,
The happy lover fighs the tender tale,
Whilst glowing blushes fpeak the foft confent.

Around the turf ten thousand Cupids play,
Or sweetly prattling lifp th' extatic blifs,
Short-breathing wifhes throng and romping May,
The ruffing dalliance and the kindling kifs.

With pureft truth here artlefs paffion charms,
No fraud nor fordid thoughts love's fhine invade,
An equal flame each beating bofom warms,
No airs diftract the fwain, nor falshood mourns the maid.

In flow'ry fcenes, where waves the leafy fhade,
Where woodbine's bloom and thymy verdure fpring,
In vacant mood is learned leifure laid,
And to blythe echo fweeps the vocal ftring.

Or fmit with fared love of antient fong,
Where art and genius rule with mingled rage,
He rolls the raptures of the tuneful throng,
That drew with claffic fkill fair virtue's page.

Now where AUGUSTA lifts her head fublime,
And wealthy Commerce holds her honour'd ftand,
The fons of induftry from ev'ry clime
With ALBION's chiefs appear, a motley band.

Beneath th' auspicious beamings of her smile,
BRITANNIA sees her real glories rise,
Calm peace and chearful plenty crowns her isle,
To hostile shores whilst want and terror flies.

And long, lov'd Isle, may bounteous heaven pour,
These gracious blessings on thy favour'd land,
And as thou stand'st the first in regal pow'r,
In virtue may'st thou too the foremost stand!

Now Hospitality, a matron hoar,
Whose step on piteous charity attends,
With liberal hand unfolds her genial store,
His dreary path where pensive Penury bends.

Her generous smiles sad Sorrow's tumults calm,
And glad the meagre sons of needy Care,
O'er wounded minds free pours the healing balm,
That sooths each woe-sprung thought and gloomy scar.

Erst was she frequent in BRITANNIA seen,
The warm inspirer of each noble breast,
But rarely now she treads this earthly scene,
To heav'n is flown each heav'n-descended guest.

For see where-e'er the gilded turrets rise,
And modern Grandeur holds her pompous seat,
From costly cates where fragrant fumes arise,
There lavish Luxury leads the princely treat.

The dædal arches flow'ry wreaths entwine,
And joyous music swells the festive strain,
The bowls high foam with wit-inspiring wine,
And laughing Comus leads his jovial train.

T' arrest the pleasures of the thoughtless band,
See ev'ry dire disease in troops appear,
A death-dart arms each spectre's meagre hand,
And Want exulting swells the ghastly rear.

Far other scenes the decent dome displays,
Where modest Temperance holds her artless reign,
There gaudy Greatness pours no idle blaze,
Nor wanton Folly leads her revel train.

Content is there, and Innocence, and Health,
The breast humane that feels another's woe,
Virtues that yield such happiness, as Wealth
With all her pageant pomp can ne'er bestow.

Hail blissful state! where beams the eye serene,
The manly heart and brow unknown to care,
Where bright-ey'd Hope illumines each darkling scene,
Averting ev'ry shaft of fell despair.

E L E G Y III.

E V E N I N G.

BY THE SAME.

THE broad Sun verging on the close of day,
 A fuller red beams o'er the ætherial plain,
 The streaky clouds attend his last bright ray,
 And silver Vesper leads his starry train.

Dim fades each lovely variegated scene,
 That swell'd to extasy the visual soul,
 As mist-clad Evening treads the breezy green,
 And wakes the buzzing bat and moeping owl.

O'er Vegetation's numerous tribes she pours
 The dews refreshing, as their sweets exhale ;
 Whilst from the odorous shrubs and breathing flow'rs,
 A balmy fragrance swells the pregnant gale.

Now labour rests, and to the sons of toil,
 Sweet relaxation gives the vacant hour,
 While ease, or sports, or social scenes beguile,
 As fancy prompts, mankind's directive pow'r.

By courage fir'd to many a hardy game,
To the throng'd ring the village youths repair,
Where young ambition pants for generous fame,
And victory's wreath oft wins the scornful fair.

Or with the bright maid join'd, whose mutual glance
Holds in love's filken bonds the feeling heart,
On the gay green they tread the mazy dance,
Whilst sweet-tongued Phœbe plays the minstrel's part.

The sons of genius, forc'd by heat extreme
To waste in cooling shade the tedious day,
Now setting Phœbus pours the milder gleam,
Through the thrush-haunted copse or upland stray.

Where, to chaunt forth their evening hymn of praise,
Full frequent perch'd on many a verdant spray,
Their warblings wild the feather'd songsters raise,
By far more sweet than art's most labour'd lay.

Whilst blythsome milkmaids in the neighbour-
ing mead,
The rural ditty tune in chearful strain,
The weary woodman seeks his lowly shed,
And thoughtless plow-boy whistles o'er the plain.

How sweet the pleasure at mild Evening's hour
When gentle breezes fan the sultry air,
To seek Reflection in her lonely bow'r,
Or drown in generous wine intruding care.

Or where meandering Isis' waters stray,
And woo with many a kiss OXONIA's plain,
In sharp-prow'd boat to cut the liquid way,
And at the bending oar with pleasure strain.

And see how generous emulation fires
The youths that in the neighbouring wherry ride,
Whilst hope of victory this and that inspires,
Tho' equal skill and strength retains them side by side.

But now some deep-struck oar the weeds detain,
The rivals shoot with rapid speed a-head,
Success strings every nerve, warms every vein,
Whilst gloomy grief is o'er the vanquish'd spread.

Just emblem this of man's uncertain state!
For when long plodding some ambitious scheme,
Ready to reach the top, some shaft of fate
Arrests him vainly wise, and ends his pleasing dream.

E L E G Y IV.

M I D N I G H T.

BY THE SAME.

SOL rolls no more his beamy car on high,
 No more benignly pours the radiant ray,
 Sad sable darkness wide obscures the sky,
 And gloomy night usurps the realms of day.

Gay Pleasure treads no more the glossy green,
 Lost are the beauties of the verdant plain,
 Creation droops thro' nature's ample scene,
 And Chaos reassumes his dreary reign.

Soft warbling thro' the silent æther's space,
 No easy notes now strike the list'ning ear,
 But owls and bats deep night's ill-omen'd race,
 Appall the timid soul with wild distracting fear.

Horror too, clad in terrible array,
 Of phantom beings leads his bug-bear train,
 From op'ning graves now solemn sounds dismay,
 And ghosts dire yelling stalk the dreary plain.

O'er sheeted lakes and heaths of misty hue,
Where fancy forms the fairy's magic court,
By the pale moon, or vapours glimm'ring blue,
Th' ideal elves of night their gambols sport.

Now where devotion holds her high abode,
And vivid tapers gloom the sacred ile,
To sound the praises of th' eternal God,
The loud-peal'd organ shakes the holy pile.

Hail Midnight, hail, and thou the solemn scene,
The sadly-serious melancholy's cell,
Where nought of Folly's savage train is seen,
But where the sons of thought delight to dwell.

Let artful statesmen *scheme* the awful hour,
Let empire wake ambition's daring train,
To rouse rebellion's fell destructive pow'r,
And give dire discord o'er mankind to reign.

Let av'rice gore the wretched miser's breast,
To watch with vulture care his art-raised mine;
Let fierce desire distract the lover's rest,
To sigh sad plaints at cruel SYLVIA's shrine.

Or where the Bacchanalians hold their reign,
And riot rules with wild despotic sway,
Let lavish spendthrifts swell the bestial train,
And thoughtless in life's fatal follies stray.

Far other bliss, far other joys be mine,
O thought-befriending Contemplation sweet!
To where the midnight tapers dimly shine,
Conduct, benign, a studious votary's feet.

Give me in Learning's ample field to stray,
Its sacred tomes of treasur'd sense unfold,
With steady step to trace the devious way,
Where sleep the latent mines of classic gold.

Or 'midst the the solemn stillness of the grove,
Where PHILOMELA warbles wood-notes wild;
With me, O Contemplation, deign to rove,
The sacred scene and hour inviting musings mild.

There 'till gay Phœbus gilds another sky,
With thee I'll waste the sweetly-serious hour,
From life's low scenes and fatal follies fly,
And woo sage wisdom in her cavern'd bow'r.

These sounds whilst fancy's plastic pow'r express,
As thro' the solitary wilds I stray'd;
Majestic, like a Roman matron dress'd,
Imagination saw the heavenly maid.

Around a sudden gleam illumin'd the place,
The path with easy elegance she trod,
When thus --- soft-smiling with angelic grace,
" Here Contemplation holds her still abode.

“ Here oft my MILTON in the midnight gloom,
“ Has caught the lofty sentiment refin’d,
“ Here oft fought science in her cloister’d dome,
“ Hence fill’d the mighty volume of his mind.

“ Here learnt above the duller sons of earth
“ In all the dignity of thought to rise,
“ Here plann’d the work, that told creation’s birth,
“ Hence gain’d his native palace in the skies.

“ But rais’d to join the aerial choir on high,
“ That chaunt harmonious at the Almighty’s throne,
“ Mov’d at the pensive world’s complaintive sigh,
“ I to direct them sent this second son.”

When leading in her hand a reverend sage,
Her heavenly accents thus my ears address,
“ Receive the instructor of a dark’ned age,
“ Religion’s friend and piety’s high-priest.”

She ceas’d, and to my fancy’s longing sight
No more was given, the glorious form to see,
She fled along the thick’ning shades of night,
And left the world to Darkness, YOUNG, and Me.

E L E G Y.

BY THE LATE MR. SHENSTONE.

WHY mourns my friend! why weeps his down-
cast eye?

That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?
Thy chearful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
Blest in thy song, and blest in ev'ry grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

DAMON, said he, thy partial praise restrain!
Not DAMON's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd!
Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets, farewell.

But let by fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
In fortune's train the syren Flattery smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chase, till JESSY was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
Expence, and art, and toil, united strove;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
I cloath'd each feature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my DAMON, dare I paint the rest?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet desponding JESSY lay.

" HENRY, she said, by thy dear form subdu'd,

" See the sad reliques of a nymph undone !

" I find, I find this rising sob renew'd :

" I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun !

" Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,

" When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return !

" Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,

" But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn !

" Alas ! no more that joyous morn appears

" That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame ;

" For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,

" And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame !

" The vocal birds that raise their matin strain ;

" The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan ;

" All seem to chase me from the chearful plain,

" And talk of truth and innocence alone.

" If through the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,

" Where bloom the jasmins that could once allure,

" Hope not to find delight in us, they say,

" For we are spotless, JESSY ; we are pure.

" Ye flow'rs that well reproach a nymph so frail,

" Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare ?

" The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale

" Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

" Now the grave old alarm the gentler young ;
" And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee ;
" Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
" That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

" Thus for your sake I shun each human eye ;
" I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu ;
" To die I languish, but I dread to die,
" Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

" Raise me from earth ; the pains of want remove,
" And let me silent seek some friendly shore !
" There only, banish'd from the form I love,
" My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

" Be but my friend ; I ask no dearer name ;
" Be such the meed of some more artful fair ;
" Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
" That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.

" Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread,
" Nor hurl thy jessy to the vulgar crew ;
" Not such the parent's board at which I fed !
" Not such the precept from his lips I drew !

" Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
" Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil ;
" Envy may slight a face no longer fair ;
" And pity, welcome, to my native soil."

She spoke—nor was I born of savage race ;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign ;
Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend ;
I saw her breast with every passion heave ;
I left her—torn from every earthly friend ;
Oh ! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave !

Brief let me be ; the fatal storm arose ;
The billows rag'd ; the pilot's art was vain ;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close ;
My JESSY—floats upon the wat'ry plain !

And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay,
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear ;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From JESSY floating on her wat'ry bier !

EPISTOLARY VERSES,

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ;

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LVI.

BY THE LATE MR. ROBERT LLOYD.

YOU know, dear GEORGE, I'm none of those
 That condescend to write in prose:
 Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,
 I always soar—in doggrel rhyme,
 And scarce can ask you, how you do,
 Without a jingling line or two.
 Besides, I always took delight in
 What bears the name of *Easy Writing*;
 Perhaps the reason makes it please
 Is, that I find it's writ with ease.

I vent a notion here in private,
 Which publick taste can ne'er connive at,
 Which thinks no wit or judgement greater
 Than ADDISON and his *Spectator*,
 Who says (it is no matter where,
 But that he says it, I can swear)
 With *easy Verse* most bards are smitten,
 Because they think it's *easy written*;

Whereas the *easier* it appears,
 The greater marks of *Care* it wears;
 Of which, to give an explanation,
 Take this by way of illustration:
 The fam'd MAT PRIOR, it is said,
 Oft bit his nails, and scratch'd his head,
 And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
 Because he did not like the rhimes.
 To make my meaning clear, and please ye,
 In short, he *labour'd* to write *easy*.
 And yet, no Critic e'er defines
 His poems into labour'd lines.
 I have a simile will hit him;
 His verse, like clothes, was made to fit him,
 Which (as no taylor e'er denied)
 The better fit, the more they're tried
 Though I have mention'd PRIOR's Name,
 Think not I aim at PRIOR's fame.
 'Tis the result of admiration
 To spend itself in imitation;
 If imitation may be said,
 Which is in me by nature bred,
 And you have better Proofs than these,
 That I'm idolater of *Ease*.

Who but a madman, would engage
 A Poet in the present Age?
 Write what we will, our works bespeak us
Imitatores, servum Pecus.

128 EPISTOLARY VERSES.

Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
 We travel in the beaten road.
 The proverb still sticks closely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
 The only comfort that I know
 Is, that 'twas said an age ago,
 Ere MILTON soar'd in thought sublime,
 Ere POPE refin'd the chink of rhyme,
 Ere COLMAN wrote in style so pure,
 Or the great TWO the CONNOISSEUR;
 Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,
 Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit,
 And happy in the close connexion,
 T' acquire some name from their's reflection;
 So (the similitude is trite)
 The moon still shines with borrow'd light,
 And, like the race of modern beaux,
 Ticks with the sun for her lac'd clothes.

Methinks there is no better time,
 To shew the use I make of rhyme,
 Than now, when I, who from beginning
 Was always fond of couplet-finning,
 Presuming on good-nature's score,
 Thus lay my bantling at your door.

The first advantage which I see,
 Is, that I ramble loose and free :
 The bard indeed full oft complains,
 That rhimes are *Fetters, Links, and Chains.*

And when he wants to leap the fence,
 Still keeps him pris'ner to the sense.
 Howe'er in common-place he rage,
 Rhime's like your *Fetters* on the *Stage*,
 Which when the player once hath wore,
 It makes him only strut the more,
 While, raving in pathetic strains,
 He shakes his legs to clank his chains.

From rhyme, as from a handsome face,
 Nonsense acquires a kind of grace ;
 I therefore give it all its scope,
 That sense may unperceiv'd elope :
 So M——rs of basest tricks
 (I love a fling at *Politicks*)
 Amuse the nation, court, and king,
 With breaking F—KES, and hanging BYNG ;
 And make each *puny* rogue a prey,
 While they, the *greater*, flink away.
 This simile perhaps would strike,
 If match'd with something more alike ;
 Then take it dress'd a second time
 In PRIOR's Ease, and *my* Sublime.
 Say, did you never chance to meet
 A Mob of People in the street,
 Ready to give the robb'd relief,
 And all in haste to catch a Thief,
 While the sly Rogue, who filch'd the prey,
 Too close beset to run away,

130 EPISTOLARY VERSES.

Stop thief! stop thief! exclaims aloud,
And so escapes among the croud?
So Ministers, &c.

O England, how I mourn thy fate!
For sure thy losses now are great;
Two such what Briton can endure,
Minorca, and the *Connoisseur*!

To day*, or e'er the sun goes down,
Will die the *Censor*, Mr. TOWN!
He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
With blushing honours thick upon him;
O may his name these verses save,
Be these inscrib'd upon his grave!

“ Know, Reader, that on Thursday died,
“ The CONNOISSEUR, a Suicide!
“ Yet think not that his soul is fled,
“ Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead.
“ Howe'er defunct you set him down,
“ He's only *going out* of TOWN.

* September 30th, 1756, when Mr. TOWN, Author of the
Connoisseur, a Periodical Essay, (since published in four volumes,
printed for R. Baldwin, London) took leave of his Readers,
with an humorous account of HIMSELF.

THE NUN.
AN ELEGY.

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,
All beauty's treasure opening on her cheek,
Each flatt'ring hope subdued, each wish resign'd,
Does gay OPHELIA this lone mansion seek.

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forsake
The paths, thy birth and fortune strew with flow'rs?
Through nature's kind endearing ties to break,
And waste in cloyster'd walls thy pensive hours?

Let sober thought restrain thine erring zeal,
That guides thy footsteps to the vestal gate,
Lest thy soft heart (this friendship bids reveal)
Like mine unblest shou'd mourn like mine too late.

Does some angelic lonely-whisp'ring voice,
Some sacred impulse, or some dream divine,
Approve the dictates of thy early choice?—
Approach with confidence the awful shrine.

There kneeling at yon altar's marble base
(While streams of rapture from thine eye-lid steal,
And smiling heav'n illumines thy soul with grace)
Pronounce the vow, thou never can'st repeal.

132 THE NUN. AN ELEGY.

Yet if misled by false-entitled friends,
Who say — “ That peace with all her comely train,
“ From starry regions to this clime descends,
“ Smooths ev’ry frown, and softens ev’ry pain :

“ That vestals tread contentment’s flow’ry lawn,
“ Approv’d of Innocence, by health carest :
“ That rob’d in colours bright, by fancy drawn,
“ Celestial hope sits smiling at their breast.”

Suspect their syren song and artful style,
Their pleasing sounds some treach’rous thought conceal!
Full oft does pride with fainted voice beguile,
And sordid int’rest wear the mask of zeal.

A tyrant-abbess here perchance may reign,
Who, fond of pow’r, affects the imperial nod,
Looks down disdainful on her female train,
And rules the cloyster with an iron rod.

Reflection sickens at the life-long tie,
Back-glancing mem’ry acts her busy part,
Its charms the world unfolds to fancy’s eye,
And sheds allurements on the wishful heart.

Lo ! Discord enters at the sacred porch,
Rage in her frown, and terror on her crest :
Ev’n at the hallow’d lamps she lights her torch,
And holds it flaming to each virgin breast.

But since the legends of monastic bliss
By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd,
Unbought experience learn from my distress,
Oh! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

Three lustres scarce with hasty wing were fled,
When I was torn from ev'ry weeping friend,
A thoughtless victim to the temple led,
And (blush ye parents) by a father's hand.

Yet then what solemn scenes deceiv'd my choice?
The pealing organ's animating sound,
The choral virgins' captivating voice,
The blazing altar, and the priests around :

The train of youths array'd in purest white,
Who scatter'd myrtles as I pass'd along ;
The thousand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,
The kifs of peace from all the vestal throng :

The golden censers toss'd with graceful hand,
Whose fragrant breath Arabian odor shed :
Of meek-ey'd novices the circling band,
With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

—My willing soul was caught in rapture's flame,
While sacred ardor glow'd in ev'ry vein :
Methought applauding angels sung my name,
And heav'n's unfullied glories gilt the fane.

134 THE NUN. AN ELEGY.

This temporary transport soon expir'd,
My drooping heart confess'd a dreadful void :
E'er since, alas ! abandon'd, uninspir'd,
I tread this dome to misery allied.

No wakening joy informs my fullen breast,
Thro' opening skies no radiant seraph smiles,
No saint descends to sooth my soul to rest,
No dream of bliss the dreary night beguiles.

Here haggard discontent still haunts my view ;
The sombre genius reigns in ev'ry place,
Arrays each virtue in the darkest hue,
Chills ev'ry prayer, and cancels ev'ry grace.

I meet her ever in the cheerless cell,
The gloomy grotto and unsocial wood :
I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
The hollow gale, and hoarse resounding flood.

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,
(The sad remembrance time shall ne'er erase)
When having seal'd th' irrevocable vow
I hasten'd to receive her last embrace.

Full-well she then presag'd my wretched fate,
Th' unhappy moments of each future day :
When lock'd within this terror-shedding grate,
My joy-deserted soul wou'd pine away.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold
This cloyster'd scene in all its horror drest
Nor did she then my trembling steps withhold
When here I enter'd a reluctant guest.

Ah! could she view her only child betray'd,
And let submission o'er her love prevail?
Th' unfeeling priest why did she not upbraid?
Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil?

Alas! she might not—her relentless lord
Had seal'd her lips, and chid her streaming tear,
So anguish in her breast conceal'd its hoard,
And all the mother sunk in dumb despair.

But thou who own'st a father's sacred name,
What act impell'd thee to this ruthless deed?
What crime had forfeited my filial claim?
And giv'n (oh blasting thought) thy heart to bleed?

If then thine injur'd child deserve thy care,
Oh haste and bear her from this lonesome gloom!
In vain—no words can sooth his rigid ear:
And Gallia's laws have riveted my doom.

Ye cloister'd fair—ye censure-breathing faints,
Suppress your taunts, and learn at length to spare,
Tho' mid these holy walls I vent my plaints,
And give to sorrow what is due to pray'r.

136 THE NUN. AN ELEGY.

I fled not to this mansion's deep recess,
To veil the blushes of a guilty shame,
The tenor of an ill-spent life redress,
And snatch from infamy a sinking name.

Yet let me to my fate submissive bow ;
From fatal symptoms if I right conceive,
This stream OPHELIA has not long to flow,
This voice to murmur, and this breast to heave.

Ah ! when extended on th' untimely bier
To yonder vault this form shall be convey'd,
Thoul't not refuse to shed one grateful tear,
And breathe the *requiem* to my fleeting shade.

With pious footstep join the sable train,
As thro' the lengthening ile they take their way :
A glimmering taper let thy hand sustain,
Thy soothing voice attune the funeral lay :

Behold the minister who lately gave
The sacred veil, in garb of mournful hue,
(More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,
And sprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew :

As o'er the corse he strews the rattling dust,
The sternest heart will raise compassion's sigh :
Ev'n then no longer to his child unjust,
The tears may trickle from a *father's* eye.

T H E

PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF TRINITY COLL.

W H E N now, mature in classic knowledge,
 The joyful youth is sent to college,
 His father comes, an humble suitor,
 With bows and speeches to his tutor,
 " Sir, give me leave to recommend him,
 " I'm sure you cannot but befriend him ;
 " I'll warrant that his good behav'our
 " Shall justify your future favour ;
 " And for his parts, to tell the truth,
 " My son's a very forward youth ;
 " He's young indeed, but has a spirit,
 " And wants but means to shew his merit ;
 " Has *Horace* all by heart,—you'd wonder,
 " And mouths out *Homer's* greek like thunder.
 " If you'd but venture to admit him,
 " A scholarship would nicely fit him ;
 " That he succeeds 'tis ten to one,
 " Your vote and interest, Sir,—'tis done."
 Our candidate at length gets in,
 A hopeful scholar of Coll. Trin.

K

A scholarship not half maintains,
And college-rules are heavy chains ;
So scorning the late wish'd-for prize,
For a fat fellowship he sighs.

When, nine full tedious winters past,
His utmost wish is crown'd at last ;
That utmost wish no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot.—
“ These fellowships are pretty things,
“ We live, indeed, like petty kings ;
“ But who can bear to spend his whole age
“ Amid the dullness of a college ;
“ Debarr'd the common joys of life,
“ And what is worse than all—a Wife !
“ Would some snug benefice but fall,
“ Ye feasts, and gaudies, farewell all !
“ To offices I'd bid adieu
“ Of Dean, Vice-Præs,—nay Burfar too ;
“ Come tithes, come glebe, come fields so pleasant.
“ Come sports, come partridge, hare and pheasant.”

Well—after waiting many a year,
A living falls,—two hundred clear.
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession ;
With rapture views the sweet retreat,—
“ What a convenient house ! how neat !
“ The garden how compleatly plann'd !
“ And is all this at my command !

“ For fuel here’s good store of wood,—
“ Pray God, the cellars be but good !
Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences Country Parson ;
To make his character entire,
He weds a——Cousin of the ’Squire ;
Not over-weighty in the purse ;
But many Doctors have done worse.
Content at first,—he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel ;
Finds his church-wardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning ;
With tithes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o’er his surplice-fees ;
Studies to find out latent dues,
Smokes with the ’Squire,—and clips his yews ;
Of Oxford pranks, facetious tells,
And, but on sundays, hears no bells.
But ah ! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is oppress’d ;
Each day some scene of woe commences
By new and unforeseen expences ;
And soon the butcher’s bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin ;
For children more expences yet,
And Dickey now for school is fit.

“ Why did I fell my college life
“ (He cries) for benefice and wife !

“ Oh could the days once more but come,
“ When calm I smoak’d in common room,
“ And din’d with breast untroubled, under
“ The picture of our pious founder;
“ When, for amusement, my tyrannic
“ Sway could put freshmen in a pannic;
“ When impositions were supplied
“ To light my pipe—or sooth my pride!
“ No cares of family oppress’d me,
“ Nor wife by day—nor night distress’d me.
“ Each day receiv’d successive pleasure,
“ Or spent in reading, or in leisure;
“ And every night I went to bed
“ Without a christ’ning in my head.”

O trifling head, and fickle heart!—
Chagrin’d at whatsoe’er thou art!
A dupe to follies yet untry’d,
And sick of pleasure’s scarce enjoy’d;
Each prize obtain’d, thy rapture ceases,
And in the search alone it pleases.

O D E *

T O

ARTHUR ONSLOW, ESQ;

I.

THIS goodly frame what virtue so approves,
And testifies the pure ethereal spirit
As mild Benevolence?

She with her sister Mercy still awaits
Beside th' eternal throne of Jove,
And measures forth with unwithdrawing hand
The blessings of the various year,
Sunshine or show'r, and chides the madding tempest.

II.

With her the heaven-bred nymph meek Charity,
Shall fashion ONSLOW forth in fairest portrait;
And with recording care
Weave the fresh wreath that flow'ring virtue claims.
But oh, what muse shall join the band?
He long has sojourn'd in the sacred haunts,
And knows each whisp'ring grot and glade,
'Trod by Apollo, and the light-foot Graces.

* This elegant Poem was written by a Gentleman well known in the Learned World, as a token of gratitude for favours conferred on his father, during the last war, whose character he has therein assumed.

III.

How then shall awkward gratitude
 And the presumption of untutor'd duty
 Attune my numbers all too rude?
 Little he recks the meed of such a song;
 Yet will I stretch aloof,
 And when I tell of Courtesy,
 Of well-attemper'd Zeal,
 Of awful Prudence soothing fell Contention,
 Where shall the lineaments agree
 But in thee, ONSLOW? You, your wonted leave
 Indulge me, nor misdeem a Soldier's bold emprise;

IV.

Who in the dissonance of barb'rous war,
 Long train'd, revisits oft the sacred treasures
 Of antique memory;
 Or where sage PINDAR reins his fiery car,
 Through the vast vault of heaven secure,
 Or what the Attic muse that HOMER fill'd,
 Her other son, thy MILTON taught,
 Or range the flow'ry fields of gentle SPENSER.

V.

And ever as I go, allurements vain
 Cherish a feeble fire, and feed my idle
 Fancy: O cou'd I once
 Charm to their melody my shrilling reeds!

TO HENRYS and to EDWARDS old,
 Dread names ! I'd meditate the faithful song ;
 Or tell what time BRITANNIA,
 Whilom the fairest daughter of old Ocean,

VI.

In loathly difarray, dull eyes,
 And faded cheek, wept o'er her abject sons :
 Till WILLIAM, great deliverer,
 Led on the comely train, gay Liberty,
 Religion, matron staid,
 With all her kindred goddesses ;
 Justice with steady brow,
 Trim Plenty, laureat Peace, and green-hair'd
 Commerce,
 In flowing vest of thousand hues.
 Fain would I shadow out old BOURBON's pile
 Tott'ring with doubtful weight, and threat'ning
 cumb'rous fall ;

IV.

Or trace our navy, where in tow'ring pride
 O'er the wide-swelling waste it rolls avengeful.
 As when collected clouds
 Forth from the gloomy south in deep array,
 Athwart the dark'ning landscape throng,
 Fraught with loud storms, and thunder's dreadful
 peal,

At which the murd'rer stands aghast,
And wailing Riot ill dissembles terror.

VIII.

How headlong Rhone and Ebro erst distain'd
With moorish carnage, quakes thro' all her branches!
Soon shall I greet the morn,
When, Europe sav'd, BRITAIN and GEORGE's name
Shall sound o'er Flandria's level field,
Familiar in domestic merriment;
Or by the jolly mariner
Be carol'd loud adown the echoing Danube.

IX.

The just memorial of fair deeds
Still flourishes, and like th' untainted soul
Blossoms in freshest age, above
The weary flesh, and envy's rankling wound.
Such after years mature
In full account shall be thy meed.
O! may your rising hope
Well principled in ev'ry virtue bloom!
Till a fresh-springing flock implore
With infant hands a grandfire's pow'ful pray'r,
Or round your honour'd couch their prattling sports
peruse,

JOB, CHAPTER XXXIX.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF OXFORD.

DEclare, if heav'nly wisdom blefs thy tongue,
When teems the MOUNTAIN-GOAT with
promis'd young;

The stated seasons tell, the month explain,
When feels the bounding HIND a mother's pain;
While in th' oppressive agonies of birth,
Silent they bow the sorrowing head to earth?
Why crop their lusty feed the verdant food?
Why leave their dams, to search the gloomy wood?

Say whence the WILD-Ass wantons o'er the plain,
Sports uncontroul'd, unconscious of the rein?

'Tis his o'er scenes of solitude to roam,
The waste his house, the wilderness his home?
He scorns the crouded city's pomp and noise,
Nor heeds the driver's rod, nor hears his voice;
At will, on ev'ry various verdure fed,
His pasture o'er the shaggy cliffs is spread.

Will the fierce UNICORN obey thy call,
Enslav'd to man, and patient of the stall?
Say, will he stubborn stoop thy yoke to bear,
And thro' the furrow drag the tardy share?

Say, can'st thou think, O wretch of vain belief,
His lab'ring limbs will draw thy weighty sheaf?
Or can'st thou tame the temper of his blood
With faithful feet to trace the destin'd road?
Who paints the PEACOCK's train with radiant eyes,
And all the bright diversity of dies?
Whose hand the stately OSTRICH has supply'd
With glorious plumage, and her snowy pride?
Thoughtless she leaves amid the dusty way,
Her eggs to ripen in the genial ray;
Nor heeds, that some fell beast, who thirsts for blood,
Or the rude foot may crush the future brood.
In her no love the tender offspring share,
No soft remembrance, no maternal care:
For God has steel'd her unrelenting breast,
Nor feeling sense, nor instinct mild impress,
Bade her the rapid-rushing steed despise,
Outstrip the rider's rage, and tow'r amidst the skies.
Didst thou the HORSE with strength and beauty deck?
Hast thou in thunder cloath'd his nervous neck?
Will he, like groveling grasshoppers afraid,
Start at each sound, at ev'ry breeze dismay'd;
A cloud of fire his lifted nostrils raise,
And breathe a glorious terror as they blaze.
He paws indignant, and the valley spurns,
Rejoicing in his might, and for the battle burns.
When quivers rattle, and the frequent spear
Flies flashing, leaps his heart with languid fear?

Swallowing with fierce and greedy rage the ground,
"Is this, he cries, the trumpet's warlike sound?"
Eager he scents the battle from afar,
And all the mingling thunder of the war.
Flies the fierce HAWK by thy supreme command,
To seek soft climates, and a southern land?
Who bade th' aspiring EAGLE mount the sky,
And build her firm aerial nest on high?
On the bare cliff, or mountain's shaggy steep,
Her fortrefs of defence she dares to keep!
Thence darts her radiant eye's pervading ray,
Inquisitive to ken the distant prey.
Seeks with her thirsty brood th' ensanguin'd plain,
There bathes her beak in blood, companion of the slain.

O D E

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. THOMSON,

BY MR. COLLINS.

THE SCENE OF THE FOLLOWING STAN-
ZAS IS SUPPOSED TO LIE ON THE
THAMES, NEAR RICHMOND.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall dutcous rise
To deck it's Poet's sylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
His airy harp * shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

* The harp of *ÆOLUS*, of which see a description in the
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

V.

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening * spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

VI.

But Thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.

* RICHMOND Church.

VIII.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads assign'd to blest
The life, shall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, shall He say
In yonder Grave Your Druid lies!

THE CHILD BIRTH.

IN THE MANNER OF GAY.

THE doleful dumps I sing, and tearful woes,
 Of MARIAN teeming with unlawful throes:
 The sheenest lass in Berkshire was she known,
 Of all that butter sell to Reading town:
 Not the seven sisters could o'er her prevail,
 The golden farmer's daughters of the vale,
 Tho' every Oxford muse their charms has sung
 And gravest doctors * join'd the tuneful throng.

Ye peers! who careless of ambition, chuse
 To court the labours of the past'ral muse;
 And all the wond'rous bards who try the lay
 Where black Cam rolls, or Isis' eddies play,
 Assist the labours of an humble swain,
 Rude to the pipe, and novice on the plain.

Nine months successive now had rolled round,
 Since MARIAN first the pleasing mischief found;
 In vain her hands had cull'd th' abortive weed,
 Nor aught avail'd the 'pothecary's aid.

* The Rev. Dr. WILKES wrote a poem upon them.

152 THE CHILD BIRTH.

Her womb began with fatal size to swell.

And sick'ning qualms the blushful secret tell:

Then all in sad despair she made her moan,

Lodona's waters echoed groan for groan.

“ Ah! faithless COLIN CLOUT! ah, luckless I!

“ And canst thou, cruel! from thy MARIAN fly?

“ How often hast thou suck'd my panting breath?

“ How often swore to love me true till death?

“ But to the Justice I'll reveal my plight,

“ And with a constable pursue thy flight.

“ Ah! how unequal, as our parson preaches,

“ Are this world's goods! and sure he rightly teaches;

“ For what to maidens brings eternal stain,

“ (Sad management!) gives honour to the swain.

“ Twas on the blitheft morn of all the year,

“ When new-born May bids every shepherd chear;

“ When artful maids their rival fancies shew,

“ And well-wrought garlands beam on ev'ry bough;

“ When gaudy fairs bespangle every street,

“ And lowing cows the novel pasture greet;

“ Fresh rose I, MARIAN hight, from rustic bed,

“ The morning dream still hov'ring o'er my head;

“ Gay shews and sweethearts had employ'd my
thought,

“ The kiss imprinted, and the fairing bought!

“ From lavender I drew the tucker'd smock,

“ And hosen boastful of a various clock;

“ The silver knot well scollop'd on my head,

“ And donn'd the Sunday gown berob'd with red.

" Thus all bedight, and ready for the fair,
 " I sat impatient with a wistful air,
 " Expecting COLIN CLOUT, my perjur'd swain,
 " Who always follow'd MARIAN on the plain :
 " With him the moon-light walk I us'd to tread,
 " With him I danc'd upon the sportive mead ;
 " That very morn had taught the snails to crawl,
 " And print mysterious letters on the wall.
 " At length he came, and I with joyous meed
 " Mounted behind him 'on the pillion'd steed :
 " Sweetly I sung, he whistled to the lay,
 " Sweetly I sung the song, and sung the day :
 " *What beauteous scenes* began the tuneful tale !
 " And next I humm'd *the sweets of Arno's vale* ;
 " Then MOLLY MOGG, fair damsel of the Rose,
 " And *lovely* PEGGY, taste of London beaux.
 " And now in view gay Reading strikes our eyes,
 " And all the dainties of the fair arise :
 " Here Birmingham its boasted ware displays,
 " There leathern breeches hight, and bodice stays ;
 " Here posied garters flutter'd in the way,
 " There painted hobby-horses seem to neigh ;
 " Here belles in gingerbread all gilded over,
 " And little gew-gaw H——rs act the lover.
 " Shepherds and nymphs from every part repair,
 " All who from Oxford hills direct the share,
 " Who fell the forest, or who mow the mead,
 " Or drag in little boats the finny breed :

- “ Her wide-mouth’d sons low-seated Henley sends,
“ And smoaky Oakingham it’s tribute lends.
“ But far did MARIAN all the rest outvie,
“ No cheek so ruddy, nor so black an eye ;
“ Scarce DOLLY C----K the daughter of the may’r,
“ With all the flaxen ringlets of her hair,
“ With all the snowy fulness of her breast,
“ In blithsome features might with me contest.
“ All youths ambitiously around me strove,
“ Each gave some chosen emblem of his love ;
“ One quaintly bought the garters for my thighs,
“ While simple archness sparkled in his eyes.
“ But all their fairings unsuccessful prove,
“ Still true to COLIN CLOUT I held me love.
“ —Ah ! fly deceiver ! you enclasp’d me arm,
“ And seem’d my saviour, while you meant my harm ;
“ Far too unequal was the high reward,
“ My maidenhead must pay thee for thy guard ;
“ Already warm’d with joy you win my heart,
“ And stamp a little COLIN e’er we part.
“ —Yet now, when nature fills my womb, to fly—
“ Nor yet one tear to issue from thine eye—
“ My slighted love to quick resentment turns ;
“ Lo my blood rises, and my cheek all burns !
“ O I could tear thee, as I tear this glove—
“ Go, horrid monster ! I despise thy love,
“ Thy oaths I quit, thy fairings I resign,
“ Forget, renounce thee, hate whate’er was thine.

“ * No christian mother bound thy infant head,
 “ Some Turk begat thee, or some Papist bred ;
 “ Or dropt on Cambrian hills, a squalid brat,
 “ Some she-goat suckled thee with savage teat.
 “ † — Go to thy drab, whoe’er has won thy heart,
 “ And may the pox devouring make thee smart ;
 “ ‡ My vengeful ghost shall haunt thee o’er the plain,
 “ Yes, thou shalt suffer, villain, for my pain.
 “ — But ah ! my rage relents, my sorrow flows ;
 “ Come COLIN ! faithless shepherd ! ease my woes.
 “ And must I in the sheet opprobrious stand ?
 “ Thy plight is troth’d, ah ! come and give thy hand :
 “ My conscience starts, whene’er I hear a knell,
 “ And is a little love deserving hell ?
 “ Too hard a penance for a sin so slight !
 “ Ah how my heart misgives me every night !
 “ When sleep has clos’d my sorrow-streaming eyes,
 “ Then ghastly dreams, and hateful thoughts arise :

* *Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
 Perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus borrens
 Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.*

† *I, sequere Italiam ventis, &c.
 Spero equidem mediis, siquid pia numina, &c.*

‡ *Omnibus umbra locis adero, dabis, improbe, poenas.*

Æn. 4.

156 THE CHILD BIRTH.

“ * All unaccompany’d methinks I go,
 “ O’er Irish bogs, a wilderiness of woe!
 “ Ah! my wits turn! strange phantoms round me fly!
 “ Lo! I am chang’d into a goosb’ry pye!
 “ Forbear to eat me up, inhuman rabble!
 “ Cocks crow, ducks quake, hens cackle, turkies
 gabble.”

Thus as she rav’d, her womb with rueful throes
 Did to the light a lusty babe disclose:
 Long while she doubted of the smirking boy,
 Or on her knee to dandle or destroy;
 Love prompted her to save, and Pride to drown,
 At length Pride conquer’d, and she dropt her son.

* --- *Semperque relinqui*

Sola sibi, semper longam incommittata videtur

Ire viam, & Tyrios desertâ quærere terrâ.

Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus, &c.

Æn. 4.

ON A
 L A D Y'S
 PRESENTING A SPRIG OF MYRTLE
 TO A
 GENTLEMAN.

BY MR. HAMMOND.

WHAT fears, what terrors does thy gift create!
 Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!

The myrtle, ensign of supreme command,
 (Consign'd by VENUS to MELISSA's hand)
 Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
 Oft favours, oft rejects the lover's care.
 In myrtle groves oft sings the happy swain,
 In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain;
 The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
 Th' unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads;
 Oh! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
 And cure the throbbings of an anxious heart:
 Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
 Adorn PHILANDER's head, or grace his tomb.

T O
A YOUNG LADY

W I T H

FONTENELLE's PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

IN this small work all nature's wonders see,
 The soften'd features of philosophy.
 In truth by easy steps you here advance,
 Truth, as diverting as the best romance.
 Long had these arts to sages been confin'd,
 None saw their beauty, till by poring blind;
 By studying spent, like men that cram too full,
 From Wisdom's feast they rose not cheer'd, but dull:
 The gay and airy smil'd to see 'em grave,
 And fled such wisdom like TROPHONIUS' cave.
 Justly they thought they might those arts despise,
 Which made men sullen, ere they could be wise.
 Brought down to fight, with ease you view 'em here;
 Tho' deep the bottom, yet the stream is clear.
 Your flutt'ring sex still valued science less;
 Careless of any, but the arts of dress.
 Their useless time was idly thrown away
 On empty novels, or some new-born play.
 The best perhaps, a few loose hours might spare
 For some unmeaning thing, miscall'd a pray'r.

In vain the glittering orbs each starry night,
With mingling blazes shed a flood of light :
Each nymph with cold indiff'rence saw 'em rise ;
And, taught by fops, to them preferr'd her eyes.
None thought the stars were fons fo widely fown,
None dreamt of other worlds, befides our own.
Well might they boast their charms, when ev'ry fair
Thought this world all, and her's the brighteft here.
Ah ! quit not the large thoughts this book infpires,
For thofe thin trifles which your fex admires ;
Assert your claim to fenfe, and fhew mankind,
That reafon is not to themfelves confin'd.
The haughty belle, whose beauty's awful shrine.
'Twere facrilege t' imagine not divine,
Who thought fo greatly of her eyes before,
Bid her read this, and then be vain no more.
How poor ev'n You, who reign without controul,
If we except the beauties of your foul !
Should all beholders feel the fame furprize ;
Should all who fee you, fee you with my eyes ;
Were no fuch blafis to make that beauty lefs ;
Should you be what I think, what all confefs :
'Tis but a narrow fpace thofe charms engage ;
One Ifland only, and not half an Age.

O D E

ON THE FIFTH OF DECEMBER,

Being the BIRTH-DAY of a very beautiful YOUNG LADY.

BY MR. CHRISTOPHER SMART.

I.

HAIL eldest of the monthly train,
 Sire of the winter drear,
 DECEMBER, in whose iron reign
 Expires the chequer'd year :
 Hush all the blust'ring blasts that blow,
 And proudly plum'd in silver snow
 Smile gladly on this blest of days ;
 'The livery'd clouds shall on thee wait,
 And PHOEBUS shine in all his state,
 With more than summer rays.

II.

Tho' jocund JUNE may justly boast
 Long days and happy hours ;
 Tho' AUGUST be POMONA's host,
 And MAY be crown'd with flow'rs ;
 Tell JUNE his fire and crimson dyes
 By HARRIOT's blush, and HARRIOT's eyes
 Eclips'd and vanquish'd fade away ;
 Tell AUGUST, thou canst let him see
 A richer, riper fruit than He,
 A sweeter flow'r than MAY.

PART OF THE
P R O L O G U E

T O

SIR DAVID LYNDESAY'S DREAM.

WRITTEN IN THE REIGN OF KING JAMES V.

I.

IN the kalendies of Januarie,
When fresche PHOEBUS by moving circular
From Capricorn was enter'd in Aquarie,
With blastis that the branches made full bare,
The snow and fleet perturbit all the air,
And flemit FLORA from everie bank and bus,
Through support of the austreir Eolus.

II.

Efter that I the lang wynteris night
Had lyne waking in my bed allone
Throw hevy thought, that na way sleep I micht,
Remembering of divers thingis gone :
Sa up I rois, and cleithit me anone
By this fair Titan with his lemis licht
O'er all the land had spred his banner bricht.

III.

With cloke and hude I dresfit me belive,
With dowbill schone, and myttains on my handis,
Howbeit the air was richt penetratyve,
Zet fure I forth lanfing outhort the landis,
Towards the sea, to schort me on the sandis
Because unblomit was baith bank and bray,
And sa as I was passing by the way,

IV.

I met dame FLORA in dule weid difagyfit,
Quilk into May was dulce and delectabill,
With stalwart stormis hir sweetness was surprisfit,
Hir heavinlie hewis war turnit into sabill,
Quilkis umguile war to Luffaris amiabill,
Fled from the froist, the tender flouris I saw
Under dame Nature's mantill lurking law.

V.

The small fowlis in flockis saw I flee
To nature makand lamentatioun,
They lichtit down beside me on ane tree,
Of thair complaint I had compassioun,
And with ane piteous exclamation
They said " blyffit be somer with his flouris,
" And waryit be thou wynter with thy schowris.

VI.

“ Allace AUREORE, (the fillie lark did cry)
“ Quhair has thou left thy balmy liquour sweit,
“ That us rejoisfit mounting in the sky ?
“ Thy silver dropps are turned into sleit.
“ Of fair PHEBUS quhair is the holsom heit,
“ Quhy tholis thow thy hevinlie plesand face,
“ With mystie vapouris to be obscurit, allace !

VII.

“ Quhair art thou May, with June thy sifter schene
“ Weill bordourit with daseis of delyte ?
“ And gentill Julie, with thy mantill grene,
“ Enamelit with rosis reid and quhyte ?
“ Now auld and cauld Januar in dispyte
“ Reiffis from us all pastime and plesure
“ Allace ! quhait gentle hart may this indure ?

VIII.

“ Ovirfilit ar with cloudis odious
“ The goldin skyis of the orient,
“ Changeing in sorrow our sing melodious,
“ Quhilk we had wont to sing with gude intent,
“ Resoundant to the hevinnis firmament,
“ But now our day is changed into the nicht,”
With that they rose and flew forth of my sight.

H A R D Y K N U T E.

A F R A G M E N T.

I.

STATELY stept he east the wa,
 And stately stept he west,
 Full seventy zeirs he now had sene,
 With skerfs fevin zeirs of rest.
 He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
 Wroucht Scotland meikle wae.
 And ay his sword told to their cost,
 He was their diedly fae.

II.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
 With halls and touris a hicht,
 And guidly chambers fair to se,
 Quair he lodgit mony a knicht.
 His Dame sa peirless anes and fair,
 For chast and bewtie deimt,
 Nae marrow had in all the land,
 Saif ELENOR the queen.

III.

Full thirtein sons to him scho bare,
All men of valour stout ;
In bluidy ficht with sword in hand,
Nyne lost their lives bot doubt ;
Four zit remain, lang may they live
To stand my liege and land :
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.

IV.

Great luvè they bare to FAIRLY fair,
Their sifter fast and deir,
Her girdle shawd her middle gimp,
And gowden glist her hair.
Quhat waefou wae hir bewtie bred ?
Waefou to zung and auld,
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
As story ever tauld.

V.

The king of Norse in summer tyde,
Puft up with power and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
With mony a hardy knight :
The tydings to our gude Scots king
Came, as he sat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in braif aray,
Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

VI.

" To horse, to horse, my ryal liege,
" Zour faes stand on the strand,
" Full twenty thousand glittering spears
" The king of Norse commands."
Bring me my steed Mage dapple grey,
Our gude king raise and cryd,
A trustier beast in all the land
A Scots king nevir feyd.

VII.

Go little page, tell HARDYKNUTE,
That lives on hill so hie,
To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
And haste and follow me.
The little page flew swift as dart,
Flung by his master's arm,
Cum down, cum down lord HARDYKNUTE,
And rid zour king frae harm.

VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow ;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
In dangers great to do ;
He hes tane a horn as grene as grafs,
And gien five sounds sae shrill,
That treis in grene wode schuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His sons in manly sport and glie,
Had pass'd the summer's morn,
Quhen lo! down in a grassy dale,
They heard their fatheris horn.
That horn, quod they, neir sounds in peace,
We haif other sport to hyde;
And sune they heyd them up the hill,
And sune were at his syde.

X.

Late, late the zeffrene I wield in peace
To end my lengthen'd lyfe,
My age nicht weil excuse my arm
Frae manly feats of stryfe;
But now that NORSE dois proudly boast
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
Its neir be said of HARDYKNUTE
He feard to ficht or fall.

XI.

ROBIN of Rothfay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows shoote sae leil,
Many a comely countenance
They haif turnd to deidly pale:
Brade THOMAS tak ze but zour lance,
Ze need nae weapons mair,
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
Gainst Westmorland's ferfs heir.

XII.

MALCOM, licht of fute as stag
That runs in forest wyld,
Get me my thousands thrie of men
Well bred to sword and schield :
Bring me my horse and harnifine
My blade of metal cleir ;
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They sune had fled for feir.

XIII.

Farewell my dame sae peirless gude,
And took her by the hand,
Fairer to me in age zou seem,
Than maids for bewtie fam'd :
My zoungeft son fall here remain
To guard these stately towirs,
And shut the silver bolt that keips
Sae fast zour painted bowirs.

XIV.

And first scho wet her comely cheiks,
And then hir boddice grene,
Hir filken cords of twirtle twist,
Well plett with silver schene ;
And apron fet with mony a dice
Of neidle-wark sae rare,
Wove by nea hand, as ze may gues,
Saif that of FAIRLY fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded knicht,
Making a heavy mane;
Here maun I lie, here maun I die,
By treacheries false gyles;
Witlefs I was that eir gaif faith
To wicked womans smiles.

XVI.

Sir knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,
To lean on filken seat,
To ladyis kindly care zoud prove,
Quha neir stend deidly hate;
Hir self wald watch ze all the day,
Hir maids at deid of nicht;
And FAIRLY fair zour heart wald cheir,
As scho stands in zour sicht.

XVII.

Aryse zoung knicht, and mount zour steid,
Full lowns the shynand day
Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis,
To leid ze on the way.
With smylefs luke, and visage wan,
The wounded knicht reply'd,
Kynd chiftain, zour intent pursue,
For here I maun abyde.

M

XVIII.

To me nae after day nor nicht,
Can eir be sweit or fair,
But fune beneath sum draping tree,
Cauld death fall end my care.
With him nae pleading micht prevail,
Brave HARDYKNUTE to gain,
With fairest words and reason strong,
Strave courteously in vain.

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord CHATTANS land sae wyde,
That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Quhen fees his courage seyde:
Of Pictish race by mothers syde,
Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,
Lord CHATTAN claimd the princely maid,
Quhen he fast Pictish crown.

XX.

Now with his ferfs and stalwart train,
He reicht a ryfing heicht,
Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
Norfs menzie lay in sicht;
Zonder my valiant sons and ferfs,
Our raging revers wait,
On the unconquerit Scottish swaird,
To try with us their fate.

XXI.

Make orisons to him that saist
Our fauls upon the rude,
Syne braifly schaw zour veins are filld
With Caledonian blude.
Then forth he drew his trusty glaive,
Quhyle thousands all around,
Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,
And loud the bougills found.

XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill
In hast his merch he made,
Quhyle, playand pibrochs, minstrels meit
Afore him stately strade;
Thryse welcome, valziant stoup of weir,
Thy nations scheild and pryde;
Thy king nae reason has to feir
Quhen thou art by his syde.

XXIII.

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang scarce could they flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie.
Lang did they rage and ficht full ferfs,
With little skaith to man,
But bludy, bludy was the field,
Ere that lang day was done.

XXIV.

The king of Scots that findle bruik'd
 The war that luikd like play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
 Sen bows feimt but delay:
 Quoth noble ROTHSAÿ, myne I'll keip,
 I wate its bleid a skore.
 Haft up my merry men cryd the king,
 As he rade on before.

XXV.

The king of Norfe he socht to find,
 With him to mense the faucht,
 But on his forehead there did licht
 A sharp unsonsie shaft;
 As he his hand put up to find
 The wound, an arrow kene,
 O waefou chance! there pinnd his hand
 In midft betwene his ene.

XXVI.

Revenge, revenge, cry'd ROTHSAÿS heir,
 Your mail-coat fall nocht byde
 The strength and sharpness of my dart;
 Then sent it through his syde:
 Another arrow weil he markd,
 It perfit his neck in twa,
 His hands then quat the silver reins,
 His law as eard did fa.

XXVII.

Sair bleids my leige, fair, fair he bleids.
Again with micht he drew
And gesture dreid his sturdy bow
Fast the braid arrow flew :
Wai to the knicht he ettled at,
Lament now quene ELGREID,
His dames to wail zour darlings fall,
His zouth and comely meid.

XXVIII.

Take aff, take aff his costly jupe
Of gold weil was it twynd,
Knit lyke the fowlers net throuch quhilk
His steilly harness shynd)
Take NORSE, that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He sure nae weapon fears,

XXIX.

Proud NORSE with giant body tall,
Braid shoulder and arms strong,
Cryd, quhair is HARDYKNUTE **sae** famd,
And feird at Britains **throne** ?
Tho Britons tremble at his name,
I sune fall make him wail,
That eir my sword was made **sae** sharp,
Sae fast his coat of mail.

XXX.

That brag his stout heart coud na byde.
It lent him zouthfu nicht :
I'm HARDYKNUTE this day, he cryd,
To Scotlands king I hecht,
To lay thee low at horses hufe,
My word I mean to keip.
Syne with the first strake eir he strake,
He garrd his body bleid.

XXXI.

NORSE ene like gray gosehawks staird wyld,
He ficht with shame and spyte ;
Disgracd is now my far-fam'd arm
That left thee power to stryke :
Then gaif his head a blaw sae fell,
It made him down to stoup,
As law as he to ladies usit,
In courtly gyse to lout.

XXXII.

Full fune he reis'd his bent body,
His bow he marvelld fair,
Sen blaws till then on him but darrd
As touch of FAIRLY fair :
NORSE ferliet too as fair as he
To he his stately luke,
Sae fune as eir he strake a fae,
Sae fune his lyfe he tuke.

XXXIII.

Quair like a fyre to hether set,
Bauld THOMAS did advance,
A sturdy fae with luke enragd
Up towards him did prance;
He spurd his steid through thickest ranks
The hardy zouth to quell
Quha stude unmufit at his approach
His furie to repell.

XXXIV.

That schort brown shaft sae meanly trimd,
Lukiſ lyke poor Scotlands geir,
But dreidfull seims the rusty point!
And loud he leuch in jeir.
Aft Britains blude has dimd its shyne
This poynt cut short their vaunt;
Syne piercd the boisteris bairded cheik,
Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

XXXV.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang,
His stirrip was nae stay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey:
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
Richt far was heard the thud,
But THOMAS luikt not as he lay,
All waltering in his blude.

XXXVI.

With cairles gesture mynd unmuvit
On raid he north the plain,
His feim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
Quhen winner ay the same;
Nor zit his heart dames dimpleit cheik,
Coud meise fast lue to bruik,
Till vengeful ANN returnd his scorn,
Then languid grew his luke.

XXXVII.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriors lay,
Neir to aryse again;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythsome sounds,
To boist the glories of the day,
And schaw their shyning wounds.

XXXVIII.

On Norways coast the widowit dame
May wash the rocks with teirs,
May lang luke owre the schiples seis
Befoir hir mate appeirs.
Ceise, EMMA, ceise to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyis in the clay,
The valziant Scots nae revers thole
To carry lyfe away.

XXXIX.

There on a lie quhair stands a crofs
Set up for monument,
Thoufands full fierce that summers day
Filld kene waris black intent.
Let Scots quhyle Scots, praise HARDYKNUTE
Let NORSE the name ay dreid,
Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,
Sal lateft ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew the weftlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy showir,
Mirk grew the nicht, eir HARDYKNUTE
Wan neir his stately towir;
His towir that ufd with torches bleife
To shyne fae far at nicht,
Seimd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae marvel fair he fichd.

XLI.

Thairs nae licht in my*ladys bowir,
Thairs nae licht in my hall;
Nae blink shynes round my FAIRLY fair,
Nor ward stands on my wall.
Quhat bodes it? ROBERT, THOMAS fay,
Nae answer fits their dreid.
Stand back, my fons, I'll be zour gyde,
But by they past with speid.

XLII.

As fast I haif speid owre Scotlands faes,
There ceist his brag of weir,
Sair schamit to mynd echt but his dame,
And maiden FAIRLY fair.
Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir
He wist not zit with dreid;
Sair schuke his body, fair his limbs,
And all the warrior fleid.

* * * * *

O D E
O N
L Y R I C P O E T R Y.

B Y. D R. A K E N S I D E.

ONCE more I join the Thespian quire,
And taste th' inspiring fount again:
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy secret strain. —
And lo! with ease my step invades
The pathless vale and opening shades,
Till now I spy her verdant seat;
And now at large I drink the sound,
While these her offspring, list'ning round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I see ANACREON smile and sing:
His silver tresses breathe perfume;
His cheek displays a second spring
Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away!
And let me listen to his lay!

While' flow'ry dreams my soul employ;
 While turtle-wing'd the laughing hours
 Lead hand in hand the festal pow'rs,
 Lead Youth and Love, and harmless Joy.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
 Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
 With louder impulse, and a threat'ning hand,
 The * Lesbian patriot smites the sounding chords :
 Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
 Ye curst of Gods and free-born men,
 Ye murd'ers of the laws,
 Tho' now you glory in your lust,
 Tho' now you tread the feeble neck in dust,
 Yet time and righteous JOVE will judge your dread-
 ful cause.

But lo, to SAPPHO's mournful airs
 Descends the radiant queen of love;
 She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
 Her suppliant's plaintive measures move:
 Why is my faithful maid distrest?
 Who, SAPPHO, wounds thy tender breast?

* ALCÆUS of Mitylene, the capital of Lesbos, who fled from his native city to escape the oppression of those who had enslav'd it, and wrote against them in his exile those noble invectives which are so much applauded by the ancient critics.

Say, flies he? — Soon he shall pursue:
Shuns he thy gifts? — He too shall give:
Slights he thy sorrows? — He shall grieve,
And bend him to thy haughtiest vow.

But, O MELPOMENE, for whom
Awakes thy golden shell again?
What mortal breath shall e'er presume
To echo that unbounded strain?
Majestic, in the frown of years,
Behold, the * Man of Thebes appears:
For some there are, whose mighty frame
The hand of JOVE at birth endow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
As eagles drink the noontide flame.

While the dim raven beats his weary wings,
And clamours far below. — Propitious Muse,
While I so late unlock thy hallow'd springs,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
To polish Albion's warlike ear
This long-lost melody to hear,
Thy sweetest arts employ;
As when the winds from shore to shore,
Thro' Greece thy lyre's persuasive language bore,
Till towns, and isles, and seas return'd the vocal joy.

* PINDAR.

But oft amid the Græcian throng,
The loose-rob'd form of wild desire
With lawless notes intun'd thy song,
To shameful steps dissolv'd thy quire.
O fair, O chaste, be still with me
From such profaner discord free:
While I frequent thy tuneful shade,
No frantic shouts of Thracian dames,
No satyrs fierce with savage flames
Thy pleasing accents shall invade.
Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The fairest flow'rs of Pindus glow;
The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
Thy strings attune their varied strain,
To ev'ry pleasure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove,
And strait our passions rise or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean swells, the billows move.

When midnight listens o'er the slumb'ring earth,
Let me, O Muse, thy solemn whispers hear:
When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my op'ning ear.
And ever watchful at thy side,
Let wisdom's awful suffrage guide

'The tenour of thy lay:

To her of old by JOVE was giv'n

To judge the various deeds of earth and heav'n;

'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

Oft as from stricter hours resign'd
I quit the maze where science toils,
Do thou refresh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, delusive spoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The busy steps, the jealous eye
Of gainful care, and wealthy age,
Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
And hold as foes to reason's reign
Whome'er thy lovely haunts engage.

With me, when mirth's consenting band
Around fair friendship's genial board
Invite the heart-awakening hand,
With me salute the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at softer hours,
O seek with me the happy bow'rs
That hear DIONE's gentle tongue;
To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
To love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be strung.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land ;
Or when to nourish freedom's vestal flame,
I hear my genius utter his command,
Nor Theban voice, nor Lesbian lyre
From thee, O Muse, do I require,
While my prophetic mind,
Conscious of pow'rs she never knew,
Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate hath felt her own confin'd.

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F I N I S.

